TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 2, No. 27 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, JUNE 1, 1889. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. } Whole No. 79

Around Town.

People are becoming very nearly tired of hearing the Jarvis street pavement question discussed, but when tenders were received at $3 25 per yard the committee which had been booming the Warren-Scharfe pavement felt very much hurt. They had been the friends of this company from the beginning and expected to have to pay no more than $2.75 per yard and it was a mean trick for the outfit for which they had been toiling to raise the limit 50 cents at the last minute. Those who imagine that Jarvis street people are unanimous on this question are mistaken. There is a very large number on the street,—the majority I imagine—who are sick of being made the plaything of the self-assertive fragment of what was once the committee and of a ravenous company. The opponents of the scheme can be thanked for having already reduced the amount asked to $2 80 per yard, and there is a great deal of revision yet needed which could be properly done in both the asphalt and paving tenders. It was disheartening when the matter came up for discussion to see how little the committee knew about the details of the scheme they have been urging so vigorously.

⁂

The Cronin murder has been the sensational episode of the week. There have been a great many slurs thrown on American justice, but I venture to predict that there will be some necks broken over this affair. When Chicago started in to hang the Anarchists, they hung all they could get an excuse for hanging. When they have a hanging spree over there, they have a good one and no Irish society can save the neck of a man who is proven to have had a hand in the Cronin tragedy. Altogether it is a horrible and disreputable affair. If Cronin were a spy, I admit I would have but little sympathy for him. Though I presume traitors have a right to live, it has been a law in every nation that it is for the good of the state that they die. When this is applied to societies it is quite as just as it is in nations, but it is not legal and there would be a terrible state of affairs if every community were to assert to itself the right to remove those obnoxious to its members or disloyal to its aims. A little boy once writing a composition on murder began: "Murder is a bad habit," and the Irish societies having been suspected of this habit will receive a serious blow if it be proven that Cronin was murdered at the instigation of the Clan-Na-Gael. Yet it would prove but little. There may be bloodthirsty and unscrupulous men at the head of it, while the vast majority of the members are instigated by a blind devotion to Ireland and are stumbling along in the dark seeking to find some way of making her free. Freemasonry was not killed because that society was suspected of having removed Morgan. The aim of the society was not murder, and it would be fair to deal with the same tenicney with a society patriotic in its first impulse which may have consented to the crime through its superior officers. We will see what Chicago thinks about it. It has an enormous alien population, yet I will warrant you there are enough true Americans there to hang every cut-throat who had a hand in the Cronin murder.

⁂

It is becoming understood that the excitement in Reform circles, indications of which we can see on the surface, means an early appeal to the country by brother Mowat. There is a batch of committees, which is said to indicate a picnic, but really to mean a general campaign, and License Commissioner Ryan is at the head thereof. The cock can't crow too soon for Peter, who will have to hustle through a general election before he reaches his reward as associate Registrar of Toronto. But it is probable that the gentlemen from the constituencies will demand a short session of the Legislature before the elector is appealed to. Six hundred dollars indemnity cannot be thrown away these hard times.

⁂

The party papers have not sent reporters with the commissioners despatched to examine the state of the French schools in Prescott and Russell, nor have the independent papers done so. I am surprised at this. Public officials and public schools are to be examined and the examination could not be undertaken in private. Reporters would have full access to all facts the commissioners would gain and would be a valuable check on the gentlemen who have undertaken the matter. Are the newspapers afraid that their report would give strength to the commission? They need not expect to criticize the commissioners with any force when they have tacitly admitted that their mission is being well performed, and I am free to confess that in failing to send reporters they are either in pursuit of economy or feel that the work is being properly done.

⁂

Talking about schools, the Walkerton *Herald* is making great complaint and its grievance is being voiced by the daily papers, that the Roman Catholics of that place and thereabouts are being forced to establish a Separate School against their will, and that the recent provisions made by the Mowat government have made it possible for the priests to tyrannize over them in this matter. I feel certain that the amendment whereby Roman Catholics may be placed on the list as such without their petition is a step in the wrong direction. Every man should be considered a supporter of the Public Schools until he demands a different listing. Now if the priest is to sit by the desk of the assessor and tell him who is to be put on as a supporter of Separate Schools, it makes it necessary for the Roman Catholic to petition against such a classification. This shows how far we are drifting away from the proper idea of citizenship. Who is the assessor, who is the parish priest, and who is the parson that he should put down our religious opinions for us and tell what sort of schools we want? There is too much of this religious proxy business. If the people put their souls in charge of the priests and parsons, the latter should certainly give their parishioners a little chance to decide on their temporal education, otherwise we will be left without anything to do by and by except to act as the hired men to those who live in the manse. There is no reason why Walkerton Catholics should be bull-dozed, or why the Catholic population of this country should be driven from what they believe is for their advancement. It has been pointed out that if all the Catholics of this country demanded Separate Schools, there would be nine hundred instead of two hundred and twenty-nine of them, and that there are five thousand places where there are no Separate Schools at all. Catholics don't want Separate Schools; it is the priests who want them, and in this matter the priests—but not all the priests—are not as good citizens as they might be, for Separate Schools and good citizenship do not go together. And yet the priests are just as good citizens as the other religionists of Australia and Canada who demand sectarian education in the Public Schools, and thereby make it necessary for zealous Catholics who desire to preserve their children in their faith to be educated in Catholic institutions.

⁂

The official residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick is to be turned into a deaf and dumb asylum, and Mr. Governor will have to hustle for himself as to board and lodging. There are a number of us in this province praying for the hour when not only the fence but the official residence will be removed from the plot of ground on the corner of King and Simcoe streets. We are paying $20,000 a year, outside of interest, on the mansion for a gentleman who gives a few official feeds to people who do not specially need food. If that same amount were given to the really hungry it would not be so bad, but the farce of a society center is getting footsore, and the absurdity of men who began life much the same as the rest of us at $2 a week "and found," posing as instructors in etiquette and culture is turning many an otherwise strong stomach. Toronto can attend to the culture business without paying any schoolmaster $20,000 a year salary and keep. If any one wants to go into the governor business let him go into it with the idea of putting on style at his own expense. We are paying not only our own share of this sort of thing but three-fifths of $119,000 (the amount invested by the whole Dominion in such frills), which makes our share about $72 000 per annum for governors' salaries, while for governors' keep we pay nearly another $50,000. Altogether we pay $120,000 a year for that which is of no more use to us than a toothpick would be to a man without any teeth.

⁂

Rumor says that the next Pope will be an English-speaking man. It would be too much to hope that he will be an English-thinking man, but it must come to the point when the Church will make some concession to modern thought and the impossibility of retaining mediæval discipline in the nineteenth century. Before the twentieth century dawns there will be a change and it will come from within the Roman Church. What is retarding it is too much Protestantism of that variety which is more papistical than Rome itself.

⁂

British and American men-of-war are sailing for Behring sea but we need expect no fight. The Yankees have no more right to their contention of a close sea, than I would have, if I issued a proclamation that no one else except myself had a right to do newspaper business in Toronto, and their contention is just as impertinent as mine would be. Under these circumstances the old jingo distich is applicable:

"We do not want to fight, but by jingo if we do
We've got the men, we've got the ships, we've got the money too."

⁂

Mr. McMullen, M.P., when addressing his constituents at an anti-Jesuit meeting, made a good point when he said: "The Reform party was jammed in the worst corner he ever remembered to have seen it." Possibly it was, but it has been jammed in some very hard corners, and take it all round it is in a corner now, and it is very much "jammed" in this province. But he is right when referring to the fulsome adulation indulged in by Mr. Mercier when addressing the Pope and Cardinals at Rome, that he did not think the Act was unconstitutional on this ground. "If," said he, "the Pope's name in the bill detracted from the dignity of the Queen, it would be disallowed, but they had the Governor General in Canada, to whom they paid $113,000 annually, who was here to support the dignity of the Queen and look after the interests of her subjects against encroachment of this kind," and if he didn't attend to his business, Mr. McMullen thought that it should not devolve on any representative of the people. Pretty good point, eh?

⁂

The social tragedy in the west end is but another proof that no man can leave his best girl in charge of a friend in safety. "Best girls" are apt to be too easily consoled for the absence of a lover, and "best friends" are too apt to provide the consolation. There is a song which alleges that a man's best friend is his mother and if I were to write a companion piece it would be that a lover's best friend is himself, and that if he wants the job attended to, he had better be there or thereabouts constantly, because human nature is weak and pretty girls don't want to be left alone during the ice cream and matinee seasons. I would not go so far as to say that separation is apt to make the heart grow fonder—of someone else—but as a rule no one influences an election who is not there to vote. This particular young man left this particular young woman to be cared for by young man No. 2. Young man No. 1 died of typhoid fever. Young man No. 2 did the consolation act with altogether too much assiduity and the result was a shotgun wedding where the choice lay between a marriage and a funeral. Young man No. 2 is now said to be in the asylum, while the young woman is in tears and inconsolable woe. Lovers are apt to think their sweethearts perfection. They are not. They are human, and any trials which may be placed before them are apt to disarrange the perfection theory. Christ taught us to pray, "Lead us not into temptation," and there is no season in man's life, or in woman's life, when this section of the Lord's prayer is more applicable than during the "green and salad time" when young people are in love and don't know exactly what is the matter with them. It is a time when parents can very reasonably keep an eye on their children, and when said children can with profit keep an eye on one another, because uniformed characters are being subjected to unknown influences, and no one can measure the results.

⁂

The *Globe* is making considerable complaint that the Citizens' Committee is being conducted like a secret society. If this complaint is well founded there is every reason for the citizens losing confidence in the committee. It is an indefensible proceeding for a Citizens' Committee to do business with a tyler at the door. The committee supposed to act for the citizens should let the citizens know how they are acting.

⁂

At the City Council last Monday evening a number of very estimable alderman made a strong fight in favor of the Consumers' Gas Co. receiving the privilege of laying wires for the purpose of electric lighting. Chairman Shaw made an exhaustive speech and placed figures before the public which must thoroughly convince every thoughtful reader that legislation intended to protect the consumers has been turned by the company into a means of diverting their earnings in excess of the legitimate dividends into two reserve funds, and that they are anxious to go into the electric lighting business for the purpose of using up such further excessive earnings as cannot be provided for in the two funds already established. When the people recollect that the law provides after a certain dividend is reached the price of gas must be reduced, they will understand that the privilege granted the company of extending its business into a new channel will make this protective clause inoperative. Thus the Gas Company will accomplish two objects, first providing themselves with a new outlet for their excessive profits; secondly, by being such competitors of other electric lighting companies that they can finally drive all opposition from the field and have the illuminating of Toronto entirely in their own hands. I cannot conceive how anyone understanding this—except those who have a sinister purpose to serve—could be willing to grant the company the power of using their excessive profits to drive other lighting companies from the city, thus using what is really the consumers money to prevent the consumer from obtaining cheaper light.

⁂

The excitement in Presbyterian circles over the proposed revision of the Westminster Confession of Faith has a more than sectarian meaning. It seems to me to be a revolt against the assumption that a clerical council can define the orbit in which a man's mind may revolve without resulting in the damnation of his soul. The Northern Assembly of the Presbyterians of the United States are sending out questions (1) "Do you favor a revision of the Confession of Faith?" (2) "If so in what respects, and to what extent?" If I were sending out these questions I would add a third enquiry (3) "Why?" and would proceed to answer them thus.

⁂

First, "I desire a revision of the Confession of Faith." Second, "In every respect and to the extent of abolishing it." Third, for the following reasons: It was composed by human and uninspired minds. It is unscriptural, and is in many respects the most inhuman, unjustifiable and horrible conception of divinity which has been evolved by any mind in any century, in the darkness of any age or by the fiercest pagans of the most blood-thirsty code. I unhesitatingly state that if it were incumbent upon me to accept the Westminster Confession of Faith in its entirety or abandon the Bible, without a moment's consideration I would accept the latter alternative. But I deny that any such alternative can be forced upon me, for I deny the Westminster Confession while adhering to what I esteem a soul-saving faith in God the Father, in His Son Jesus Christ, and everlasting life through Him. No human being possessed of the slightest idea of justice or love can subscribe to the third article, viz.:

By the decree of God for the manifestation of His glory, some men and angels are predestinated to everlasting life and others foreordained to everlasting death;

nor can any one who has ever known the instincts which prompt men to honor or hold them fast to justice subscribe to No 4:

These angels and men predestinated and foreordained are particularly and unchangeably designed, and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished.

Also No. 5:

V. These of mankind that are predestinated unto life, God, before the foundation of the world was laid, according to His eternal and immutable purpose and the secret counsel and good pleasure of His will, hath chosen in Christ unto everlasting glory, out of his mere free grace and love, without any foresight of faith or good works, or perseverance in either of them, or any other thing in the creature, as conditions, or causes moving him thereunto, and all to the praise of His glorious grace.

Or No. 6:

VI. As God hath appointed the elect unto glory, so hath He, by the eternal and most free purpose of His will, foreordained all the means thereunto. Wherefore they who are elected being fallen in Adam are redeemed by Christ; are effectually called into faith in Christ by His Spirit working in due season; are justified, adopted, sanctified, and kept by His power through faith unto salvation. Neither are any other redeemed by Christ, effectually called, justified, adopted, sanctified and saved but the elect only.

Or of all things ever written by Christian or pagan, No. 7:

VII. The rest of mankind, God was pleased, according to the unsearchable counsel of His own will, whereby He extendeth or withholdeth mercy as He pleaseth for the glory of His sovereign power over His creatures, to pass by, and to ordain them to dishonor and wrath for their sin and to the praise of His glorious justice.

Note, brethren and friends, the last line of No. 7 "to the praise of His glorious justice." If I had been born in order to be sent to hell "by the decree of God, for the manifestation of His glory and to the praise of His glorious justice" for something I could not do or could not help doing, I feel justified in saying I would pound upon the sooty doors of my infernal prison and make the blackened and gloomy caverns of hell re-echo with my shrieks of: "Unjust! unjust!" And it does not diminish the force of these words if they were originated by the greatest infidel who now lives. It is such doctrines as this which produce infidelity. It is such creeds as this which drive men from Christianity into the darkness and doubt of unbelief. I believe the Westminster Confession of Faith has driven more men into agnosticism than all the books of Voltaire and Paine, all the lectures of Ingersoll or the insidious attacks of such historians as Froude. I hold that these articles are nothing but blasphemy, that the conception of a God which would do such things, who would damn a man before time began and permit him to suffer through the countless cycles of eternity, is more horrible than the creed which leads mothers to throw their babies into the arms of a blazing Moloch or prompts the bloody sacrifice beneath the wheels of Juggernaut. When a mother gives up her child to the fire of sacrifice she believes she insures its eternal salvation and assists in her own, but when a man subscribes to a creed which says that his fellow man was born to be damned and to suffer time without end, he has but intensified a million fold the pagan idea that God glories in blood, revels in death,

THE OLD AMANUENSIS.

and delights in destruction. When we look about on this beautiful earth and see the rain falling on the fields of the just and unjust alike, when we see even those who are the enemies of the Creator prosperous and content, when we see the thoughtless laughing at the love of Christ and the hardened refusing to hear and yet receiving the blessings that God showered upon them, can we believe that He has ordained any section of humanity to everlasting torture and eternal woe "for the manifestation of His glory, and to the praise of His glorious justice?" Never! I believe in a God of love—a God of justice, not in a furious and revengeful Deity. If it so be that these decrees only provided for a thousand such terrible deaths, nay, if there were but one hundred, even ten or not more than one such sacrifice, could we love a God who would take one man, one weak and helpless creature who was born unable to resist His awful decrees, unable to save himself from this frightful torture, and place him in the scalding fires of the bottomless pit? Supposing that a father were to take one of his children, a helpless babe, and place it on a red-hot stove for one instant, would not the law devised by what mankind esteems justice mete out a severe punishment? Would not every instinct of humanity mark him as a fiend who should be separated from his kind? But if he were to place that child on a red-hot stove for five minutes and hear it fry and sizzle and listen to its screams for mercy, for succor, unaleered and unmoved, would not the neighbors burst in upon him and put him to death? Would he not be held up to public execration as a demon who was unworthy of the name of a man? But if it were within his power to inflict upon that child such punishment for a year or five years and persist in it, the whole world would rise up and seek his life. But if he had it in his power to make this torture last forever and so ordain it "for the manifestation of his glory and to the praise of his glorious justice," he would be ostracized by every one of his kind; no one would speak to him; mothers would whisper his name with a curdling of their blood, and fathers would wish they could put him to death. Yet the Confession of Faith would have us believe that God has ordained a large section of mankind to tortures of which we cannot conceive, to years of utterable woe which the finite mind cannot number "to the praise of His glorious justice." If this be true, why are Calvinists preaching at all? Is it to benefit those who are going to hell anyway, or merely to prepare the elect for Heaven?

* * *

I recollect a story which I told once before in print related by a preacher in combatting this doctrine. It is this: The idea of predestination supposes that in heaven there is an enormous windlass from which a rope with a hook on the end is let down to dangle among the men on earth until it catches one of the elect and then the angels begin to wind it up. The man grabs at the grass and bushes and says "I don't want to go up." He seizes hold of tree tops and the crags of the mountains and tries to cling to earth but the instructions are to wind him up, and after all his struggling and fighting the rope of the windlass is finally wound up and the man is taken off the hook and receives the salutation, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord." This very well illustrates the other side of the question, that if some men are to be damned for what they cannot do or help doing, others are to be saved not for what they have done, but because they were born for salvation. A more monstrous idea of reward and punishment never crept into the literature of any age or nation. Nothing so kills the impulse in the human heart in a struggle for the beautiful and the good as a belief that no matter what we do the result will be the same. If I believed I was born to be saved I would have just as good a time on earth as I could no matter what I did. If I believed I was born to be damned I would have nothing to restrain me from doing evil. I believe I am here to work out my own salvation and through Christ's sacrifice I can reach God if I will, and bad as I may be, I believe through the Redeemer's atonement and God's mercy I shall not fall into condemnation. DON.

Society.

Toronto's fashionable world turned out *en fete* at the Ontario Jockey Club's spring meeting, on Friday and Saturday of last week. The weather was everything that could be desired, the result being perfect enjoyment on everybody's part. Perhaps there were some disappointments with the results of the races, for the greater portion of the spectators went in for betting and sweepstakes and every one could not draw the winning horse. The grand western stand presented a gay appearance. It was not a sprinkling of the fair sex, but a large gathering which filled the seats to their utmost capacity. Such faces and such dresses as were there were a dream to behold. Some of the most noticeable are the following: Mrs. G. A. Kirkpatrick of Kingston wore a handsome Ruddygore brocade, with a turban of the same shade which was remarkably becoming; Miss Homer Dixon had on a pretty marble blue Liberty silk flowered with white, and a piquant little toque composed of white lilac; Miss Mabel Heward never looked better than on this occasion, wearing a directoire striped silk costume, corn color and light blue, the vest of plain corn color embroidered in gold, and a pretty little tulle bonnet of the same shade; Mrs. Nordheimer looked well in a black lace bonnet over white and a gray satin gown, a handsome smoke grey plush wrap was donned when the cool breezes blew; Miss Campbell wore a simple dress of fawn cashmere and a becoming black lace hat, with pale pink roses; Miss Prince, white nun's veiling; Miss Small, gray cashmere, white silk vest, gray tulle bonnet; Miss Langmuir, cream white satin, white turban trimmed with velvet and pink roses; Miss Gardiner, gray and white striped frock with hat of the two shades; Mrs. Torrance, pale green dress and a jaunty little hat of the same color with a wreath of pink flowers; Mrs. Arthur Spragge, lemon-colored hat and gown; Mrs. Charles Riordon, a handsome apple green costume covered with black lace and bonnet of white and green flowers; Miss Bunting, directoire coat, fitting perfectly, of French gray and white stripes, white vest and white sailor hat trimmed with feathers; Mrs. Bunting, black satin with bead trimming and a bonnet of violets; Miss Birchall, directoire coat of pale fawn color with light blue plaid trimming it and straw bonnet with blue ribbon bows; Mrs. Melfort Boulton, gray moire and white feather bonnet; Mrs. Edwards, blue dress and white lilac hat; Mrs. Morrison, pearl gray satin covered with black lace, and bonnet of the same with white flowers; Mrs. Cattanach's coded blue silk brocaded in white was a very tasteful gown, and with this she wore a bonnet made entirely of lilies of the valley; Miss Castle of Cobourg, black and white lace with hat to match; Mrs. Alexander Allan of Brockville, white flannel with gold lace, white tulle hat and gold; Miss Currie of Detroit, orange corded silk, and Leghorn hat trimmed with the same colored silk; Mrs. Hendrie of Hamilton, mauve silk, bonnet of violets; Miss Kate Merritt, gray costume; Miss Morris looked very well in a Ruddygore costume and bonnet of the same color; Mrs. John Wright, black and white silk, lace bonnet, white flowers; Mrs. Cecil Gibson, salmon colored merveilleux, trimmed with biscuit colored lace; Mrs. Gamble, black watered silk, tulle bonnet; Mrs. Moffatt, green plaid cloak, lace hat, white and green flowers; Miss Rutherford, pale blue and pink silk, bonnet to match; Miss Maude Rutherford, light green frock, straw hat trimmed with green; Miss Walker, striped gray and white directoire costume, black lace hat with pale flowers; Miss Spratt, black satin gown; Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce MacDonald, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Crawford, the Misses Shanley, Mr. and Miss MacKinnis, the Misses Boulton, Miss D'Arcy Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred O. Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Miss Thompson, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Mr. and Mrs. Mallock, Miss Morris, Dr. Strange, the Misses MacKellar, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, Miss Wilkie, Miss Bethune, Mr. D. O. Brooke, Mr. C. E. Brooke, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Cattanach, Chief Justice Galt, Mrs. Percy Galt, Miss Dodds, Mrs. Nesbitt, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. Wragge, Miss Wragge, Mr. Fox, Mr. C. N. Shanly, Mr. John Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mrs. and Miss Dawson, Miss Isabel Mackenzie and scores of others whom the daily papers have already mentioned.

*

The dance given by Mrs. Alexander Cameron, on the evening of the Queen's birthday, was a brilliant success. This well-equipped mansion has so often been described before that it is unnecessary to do it now. The arrangements on Friday night were perfect in every detail. All the mantel pieces on the first floor were one mass of bloom. Cut flowers of several characters, such as carnations, apple blossoms, roses, and horse chestnut blossoms, were heaped up on those shelves, completely disguising the actual mantels. The rich perfume from these productions of conservatory and garden was most refreshing. There were no programmes, so the guests were told as they left the dressing-rooms. The announcement created a little disappointment at first to some, for many had made up their lists at the races, during the afternoon. But later on in the evening everybody confessed their delight at the absence of these bothersome little cards. As the guests were very late in arriving, in consequence of having been delayed at the Woodbine track till seven and after—9:30 was the hour Mrs. Cameron's invitations said—but few appeared till ten, and from that hour till eleven o'clock, there was a continuous stream of carriages depositing their precious loads at the entrance of 64 Carlton street. Mr. and Mrs. Cameron received their guests in the library, and welcomed each comer with a hearty shake of the hand. Toronto has few hostesses who are so skilful at making their guests enjoy themselves as this charming lady. About a hundred received invitations, some of these were the Hon. G. A. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Kingston, Mr. E. C. and the Misses Rutherford, the Misses Wragge, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Miss Heward, Miss Ethel Benson of Port Hope, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Miss Seymore of Port Hope, Mr. and Mrs. S. Nordheimer, Miss Bethune, Mr. and Miss McInnis of Hamilton, Mr. Boulton, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. Goldingham, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Miss Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moffatt, Mr. Montagu Allan of Montreal, Mr. Colin Campbell of Montreal, Mr. and Miss Bunting, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Torrance, Mr. C. A. Pipon, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Ince, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Miss Birchall, Mr. and Mrs. Cattanach, Messrs. and Miss Langmuir, Miss Ince, Miss Prince, Miss Cassels of Cobourg, Mr. Frank Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Foy, Mr. and Miss Spratt, Messrs. Gates and Bruce of Hamilton, Mr. Michie, Miss Ritchie of Ottawa, the Misses Gilmour, Mr. and Mrs. J. Crowthers, the Misses Beatty, Mr. McMurray, Mr. Tilley, Mr. Gamble, Mr. Broderick Mr. Harvey of Hamilton, Mr. Jukes of Hamilton, Mr. Fox, Mr. and Mrs. Green, Miss Parsons, Mr. Hollyer, Mr. Morrow, Mr. Armour, Mr. Gillespie, Mr. Cronyn, Mr. R. Moffatt, Mr. Mervyn McKenzie, Mrs. Arthur Spragge, Miss Madge Ince, Mr. Mayne Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Beardmore, Mr. and Miss Merritt, Mr. Hamilton Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, Mr. Victor Cawthra, Mr. Bertie Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. Percy Hodgins, Mr. Dickson Patterson.

*

Mrs. Nordheimer wore a handsome prune velvet gown *en train*, with pale mauve feathers; Mrs. Kirkpatrick, black and gold brocade; Miss Seymore of Port Hope, white satin and tulle; Miss Bethune, black lace and jet; Mrs. Cattanach, heliotrope satin, diamond and pearl ornaments; Mrs. Cameron, handsome blue brocade, feather head dress, exquisite diamond necklace; Mrs. Neil Boulton, light blue silk, long train, feather trimmings; Mrs. Torrance, red satin bodice, red tulle skirt, feathers to match; Miss Langmuir, cream merveilleux; Miss Prince, white net dress; Mrs. Edward, gold and blue brocaded silk; Miss Parsons, olive green velvet bodice, steel fringe, tulle skirt same shade; Miss Cassels, white satin and tulle; Miss Ince, pale heliotrope satin with cream folds; Mrs. W. Ince, white tulle skirt, watered silk body and ribbons, pearls and diamonds; Miss Birchall, pale blue and silver brocade; Miss Marjorie Campbell, black lace and yellow ribbons; Miss McInnes, white silk and net; Miss Amy Beatty, pale flesh color satin, with train, diamonds; Miss Bunting looked lovely in white satin and tulle, carrying a large cluster of blush roses; Mrs. Alfred Cameron, pale blue satin, fitting ex quisitely, diamonds and pearls; Miss Spratt, yellow and white silk; Mrs. Green, orange satin covered literally with black silk lace; Mrs. D. Armour, white moire and tulle; Miss Rutherford, eau de Nile satin and pale pink combined; Miss Violet Larratt-Smith, white and yellow Liberty silk, trimmed with white lace; Mrs. Henry Moffatt wore a becoming pale blue tulle, with moire bodice; Miss Mabel Gilmore, pale pink silk.

*

Miss McInnis of Hamilton, and her brother are staying with their aunt, Mrs. James Strachan, on Richmond street.

*

Mr. and Mrs. James Catto, with their daughter, start for Europe to-day.

*

Mr. Victor Cawthra leaves us again in a few days for a trip abroad. He will be absent several months.

*

Miss Ethel Miller left last Monday for a year's trip in Germany.

*

Miss Morris of Guelph is staying with Mrs. Clarkson Jones, St. Joseph street.

*

Mrs. Albert Nordheimer's pretty face will be seen amongst us in a few days.

*

Mrs. Kirkpatrick has returned this week to her home at Kingston, and, to the sorrow of a large part of Toronto society, the hospitable doors of Chestnut Park are once more closed. Sir David and Lady Macpherson and Mrs. Meyrick Bankes are expected back from the continent in August, and, if his health allows him, Sir David will spend the autumn and first portion of the winter in town.

*

In spite of the dearth of balls, presumably the best incentives to such events, the number of spring engagements has been unusually large. Next to a wedding, society loves the news of a betrothal, and mainly because it affords so inexhaustible a subject of comment. The suitability of the match or its reverse; the ill-luck of the bridegroom-elect or the good fortune of his mistress; the good qualities of the one and the bad ditto of the other; the ways and means of both or either. All such questions can be so variously treated and considered, and are regarded from so many points of view, that it is no wonder society welcomes an occasion for them and makes the most of it. A man or woman engaged is fair prey. Everybody who knows either of them, and many who know neither, have strong opinions about both of them and are always ready to express all they think.

*

Another engagement in which society has been particularly interested is that of Capt. Macdougal of the New Fort, to Miss Hawke of Toronto.

*

Again another about which society has had much to say is that of Mr. Hollyer of the Bank of Montreal, Toronto, to Miss Castle of Cobourg. The gentleman is the energetic secretary of many clubs and is one of the most promising of Toronto lawn tennis players, while the lady is a sister of a popular *dame de societe* of this place, and has been a frequent and welcome visitor to Toronto for some years past.

*

The names of Mr. Kenneth Moffatt of the Bank of British North America of Toronto, and Miss Monahan, also of this city, make my list of engagements complete for this week. Other names there are, but until a betrothal is definitely and publicly announced, I will not publish it, and so—patience.

*

It is seldom that the New York *Herald* bureau cables an item to the *Mail* of greater interest to Toronto society than one which appeared last Monday. Mr. E. B. Ward and Mrs. Ward *nee* Miss Eudie Hugel have arrived at the Metropole where the *Herald* has apparently interviewed them, and where they are the observed of all observers. I had understood that Toronto was to be their home, and hope that the ubiquitous interviewer erred when he stated that they had named New York as the place of their future residence.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Pierce of Southampton, Eng., are one of the first of the many English travelers whom Toronto society, or that part of it which is left after the exodus has commenced, will welcome during the coming summer.

*

Mrs. Otter and Miss Robinson have returned to town from Muskoka, but it will not be long before the latter seeks her favorite lake once more.

*

The Caledonia Rink on Mutual street is not often a fashionable resort, but it will certainly become so on the evenings in June when Gilmore's band, with his imposing array of singers and the Philharmonic Society will perform there. The enterprise of the latter society in having secured so great an attraction is much appreciated, and I have heard of more than one party of fashionables who are actually deferring their departure from town in order to be present at these concerts.

*

How is it that the riding craze has waned? For several years past at this time riding parties among the *elite* were frequent and always delightful, while this spring there have been hardly any of note. It is true that many of the leaders of this equestrian movement are at present bewitching other parts of the world with their horsemanship, but plenty of people who love the saddle and know how to sit a horse still remain. The roads to High Park are as soft and sandy as ever, and the rides of that rider's paradise are as springy as of yore.

*

At this time the large contingent of Torontonians who have been wintering on the continent have assembled either in London for the season or in Paris for the Exposition. The glades of High Park know them no more, but those of them who are equestrians are doubtless doing "The Row" or "The Bois." The Misses Yarker have deserted Dresden and are in London. There are no riders like the English, but Miss Maude Yarker will not disgrace her country. By her side, in Hyde Park, Miss Jones will doubtless be riding sometimes, and all who have seen this lady hunting the aniseed over the stiff country of the Toronto fox-hounds, will feel sure that her nerve and her seat will do credit to Toronto. Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, too, must be gracing the back of a nag in some quarter of the globe, and Mr. Benjamin Cronyn is no doubt showing Englishmen that some Canadians can ride.

*

A most enjoyable tea was given on Thursday afternoon by Mrs. H. V. Greene, Grange avenue, in honor of Miss Macbeth of London, who is staying for a short time in Toronto. Mrs. Greene is to be congratulated on the very good taste displayed in the arrangement of her pretty little house. Some of those I saw enjoying themselves were Mrs. McCullough, the Misses Osler, Brough, DuMoulin, Seymour, Maddie Spratt, Parsons, Rutherford, Hoskins, Beatty, Stewart, Darling, Messrs. Morrow, Moffatt (the Pirate King), Percy Hodgins, McMurray, DuMoulin, Stewart Morrison, Armour, and others.

*

The following account of the wedding of a prominent citizen of Port Hope, Ont., I clip from the New York *World*: The last gay scenes in the history of the grand old mansion in Jersey City, known since 1759 as Rutgers Hall, were those attending the wedding of Miss May Hudspeth, sister of Robert Hudspeth, Speaker of the New Jersey House of Assembly, and Mr. Harvey Hall of Canada, which took place Thursday evening. It has been one of the most famous mansions in New Jersey as the home of the Gautiers and Vreelands. But of the twenty marriages solemnized within its gray walls, none has exceeded in interest the first and the last. In July, 1772, Capt. Tom Brown, the builder of the mansion, gave his sweet-faced young daughter Mary to eighteen-year-old Francis Gautier, a gay young Columbia College student. The wedding was one of the greatest events of the year in colonial society. Scores of guests from the city and neighboring villages journeyed to the ball by coach and barge, and the wide halls and parlors teemed with life. Ancient chroniclers tell of the rich costumes of gentlemen and ladies in glowing terms, and all agreed that the festivities were marvelous in their extravagance. The guests danced all night on the oaken floors, while the light of scores of colored lamps glittered on the crooning waters of the bay and the belles and beaux of the two colonies vied with each other in the graceful movements of the stately minuet. While 117 years have been passing brides of every generation have breathed their vows in the wide hallway, but the first wedding there has remained the most brilliant. Thursday evening the last bride of Retirement Hall passed down the winding oaken staircase and through the wide hall to plight her troth. The hall was profusely decorated with spring flowers and a great bell of fragrant blossoms hung at the further end. The bridal party were met beneath the flowers by Rev. C. D. Chapman, of Grace P. E. Church, who conducted the ceremony. Speaker Hudspeth gave the bride away and Miss Tiny Scott acted as bridesmaid. The bride looked lovely in a beautiful gown of white satin and lace. The guests ranged about the old hall, the kneeling pair beneath the apple blossoms and the romantic appearance of antiquity on every side made the scene a memorably pretty one. After the ceremony the happy pair received congratulations and the guests danced and feasted until morning. Mr. and Mrs. Hall left at midnight for Canada, where they will live.

*

Society will be at Sleepy Hollow to-day, where Mrs. Beverley Robinson gives an At Home. The favored ones who are bidden there are anticipating the event with great pleasure, for few hostesses compare with Mrs. Robinson in the art of receiving.

*

Society will be glad to hear of Mr. Edin Heward's return from England last Monday, after an absence of some months. The family will shortly leave for their summer residence in Muskoka.

*

The garden party to be given at Mrs. Larratt-Smith's residence, North Toronto, this afternoon, promises to be a brilliant affair and largely attended.

*

Mrs. Nicol Kingsmill of Yorkville avenue gave an At Home last Wednesday afternoon to her friends. A great many invitations had been issued but owing to the heavy rain a great many were kept at home.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ridout of Colborne are staying with his mother at her residence cor. Macpherson avenue and Yonge street, North Toronto.

*

A very entertaining concert was given last evening by the members of the Choral Class of Loretto Convent in honor of Very Rev. Father Laurent.

*

Frank Houp, Supreme Treasurer Royal Adelphia, spent a few days in the city, the guest of A. B. Saltzer, Supreme Commander.

*

The Duke of Portland's nuptials this month will be the leading event of the London season, and I hear that already the efforts to secure tickets, or rather promises of tickets, are of a frantic and desperate nature. Miss Dallas Yorke is looked upon rather as a curiosity, and is almost mobbed when she ventures into the Park for a stroll. If the Duke wins the Derby, the interest taken in her wedding will be national. As it is, he is a far more prominent character than the leaders of the two parties in the Houses of Parliament.

IMMENSE SUCCESS

LINDSAY LENNOX'S GRAND SONG

Love's Golden Dream

The average sale of this song in London exceed 2 500 copies weekly. Its success is without unprecedented. It is sung by Sims Reeves, Marie Roze and hosts of other soloists. Everyone can play it. Everyone sings it. All like it. PRICE 40 CTS.—IN KEYS TO SUIT ALL VOICES.

LOVE'S GOLDEN DREAM WALTZ

By Theo. Bonheur. Beautifully illustrated. Price 75c.

Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association

13 Richmond Street West, Toronto

Catalogues free on application

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S

Gold Watches

Gold Filled Watches

Silver Watches

Only those, which from personal experience I know to be fine timekeepers. E. BEETON, High Grade Watch Specialist, opp. Post Office.

MISSES E. & H. JOHNSTON

DRESS AND MANTLE MAKERS

112 KING STREET WEST

This famous house is unrivalled in Toronto for the Select Style, Variety, Beauty and Novelty of its Goods.
For strictly moderate charges it cannot be surpassed.

Bilton Bros.

Tailors and Furnishers

Have received their Spring and Summer

HALF HOSE

AND

UNDERWEAR

Good Reliable Goods at Moderate Prices

A beautiful lot of

WELCH, MARGETSON & CO'S

SCARFS

IN STOCK

69 King Street West

Excursion to Paris

A special party, under charge of Mr. F. C. Clark, U. S. Vice-Consul at Jerusalem, will leave on June 27 for a 4½ weeks' trip to London and the Exposition.
First-class throughout, including hotel expenses, $165.
Send for programmes.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND

Agent Gaze & Sons. 72 Yonge Street, Toronto.

MISS M. MORRISON

41 KING STREET WEST

Is now showing a choice and varied assortment of

New Millinery Goods

To which inspection is invited.

The Dressmaking Department is worthy of notice also, being under able management.

TENNIS SUITS

We make up White Tennis Suits at

$10.50, $12, $14, $16

Fancy Stripe Tennis Coats made to order

A LINE IN STOCK AT $2.50 EACH

See Our Assortment

WHEATON & CO.

17 King St. West, cor. Jordan

SPRING 1889

French Millinery Emporium, 63 King St. West. (Opp. *Mail* Office, first floor)

We will be prepared on and after the 13th inst. to show our spring importations in trimmed and untrimmed millinery, flowers, feathers and novelties.

MRS. A. BLACK, Mgr.

(Formerly of No. 1 Rossin House Block.)

TRADE MARK

W. F. ROSS & CO.
ROOM 1,
55 AND 57 ADELAIDE STREET EAST,
TORONTO.

High Grade Nor.-Vagnetic Swiss & American **WATCHES**

Gold and Silver—Wholesale and Retail

Carnival in Buenos Aires.

BUENOS AIRES, March 14, '89.

On the first day, Sunday, early in the morning, people were seen in fancy dresses. Many of them were dressed to represent animals; in fact one might have thought old Noah had discharged the cargo of the Ark in our streets, but that there was no Ararat among them. The citizens had three days holiday in which they could do anything in reason without fear of the police. Men dressed as women and *vice versa*. "Avisos" were posted on the walls to the effect that the throwing of water and rice would not be allowed, and that the license of the public carriages was suspended. The latter clause allowed the owners of carriages to make their own prices and $250 for the carnival or $50 per night was freely paid. Passing through the streets I noticed a freedom about everything which is very unusual in this city. Windows which were always closed to the public, were open; and while children pelted those passing, their parents and pretty sisters sat by and praised the good shots of the youngsters, the ammunition was balls of finely cut paper, which burst when they struck their mark. In some of the windows the children were large, but they enjoyed the sport—possibly they had elder sisters at home and had to appear youthful. Do you know I prefer to be hit by a pretty girl of seventeen, even if in short frocks, than by a child.

The city was trimmed by contract, and the streets being but forty feet in width can be trimmed to advantage. There were five arches of gas lights to each square in the carnival streets. Each arch had thirty globed lights and from the arches were festooned wreaths of eucalyptus leaves, between hung the flags of all nations in hundreds. At the corners were stands, high above the streets, for the military band. At six p. m. carnival was declared open and the cosso was formed. On this night there were four thousand carriages in the cosso, and on Monday four thousand five hundred. Many of the carriages and horses were beautifully trimmed with flowers, real or artificial, plush, hair tassels and bells One horse had electric lights in the rosettes on his bridle, also in the tassels on his back and the brush on his head. Many had bells on their feet. You might mention this to B. M. and W. H. B. They might introduce it in your city. It is quite a new idea you know. The ladies wore small black masks. Many were in evening dress—very much so as they appeared from the balcony of the club, I suppose they were passing the time until the hour for the opening of the ball in the Progresso Club and they enjoyed themselves throwings flowers or balls of paper at friends or strangers, as they were secured from recognition behind their masks. The natives think it great fun to ape the Englishmen, and without doubt they did it well. They drove high dog-carts, wore clothing with large stripes or checks, tall hats, glass in eye, etc. Even the small boys understood it and cried out Inglezes. The societies in the procession had bands of all kinds. The native drum is in the form of an old-fashioned churn the bottom or larger end being covered with skin, on this they play with their hands and the music is dreadful. Some of the bands of guitars, mandolins and violins were well worth listening to. The uniforms were of every kind from the plush and gold lace to the cotton of the clown. The most comical rig in the procession was an American trotting horse and sulky, driven by a girl in the airy costume of a *danseuse*. Among those walking, possibly, the man and woman in Mar del Plata bathing suits attracted the most attention. Monday passed much the same as Sunday, fun for the children all day with cosso and balls in the evening. Tuesday all was dull, and the rain which fell in torrents put a stop to cosso, etc. The balls were, however, largely patronized. For those in the clubs invitations were required, but to those in the theaters money would gain for you admission. The idea formed of the carnival by your correspondent is that there was a Sabbath day badly cracked, if not broken, two days which brought no grist to mill, days in which the bulls and bears played together, in which the gold rate was unchanged. I may add for the benefit of those who make life a burden to themselves by endeavoring to pass, or have passed, laws to reform men who, in their opinion, take too much liquor that in this city of half a million inhabitants where liquor is as free as confectionery, no special license being required for the sale of liquor, I did not see one intoxicated person during the carnival. License is useful for revenue only, and should be the same on all stores if necessary for revenue purposes. Build a fence around any special article and people, like animals, will try and get through or over it.

Reflections of an Urban Cow.

HERE on a scant square yard of sickly grass,
All day I stand—happy I try to feel,
Watching the white clouds down the blue skies pass,
Dreams of the country o'er my spirit steal;
For me the rose no bright green slope adorns
No hands make for me a breezy nook.
Ne'er in the air I gaily toss my horns,
And muse knee-deep in any crystal brook.
I see no mossy clover zephyr-fanned,
Nor white-sleeved mowers in their great straw-hats.
Is this allantus shadow o'er I stand,
Serenely "gazing athwart the gloomy fate."
My heart is sad, my coat's as fine as silk—
They feed me on "excelsior" and I give them city milk
R. K. M. in *Puck*.

The Yellow Garter.

The yellow garter business is, of course, beginning to attract public attention. So many girls have adopted it that it is proper that I should give some information as to the origin of the custom and the traditional *modus operandi* of using it. The Walker-Hughes wedding, following so close upon the story of the elopement of Miss Nellie Thompson, appears to have brought the yellow garter to public attention, and it was then known that the series of weddings and elopements which followed were supposed to be the result of wearing a yellow garter which was handed from each successive bride to her bridesmaid. The feminine superstition is, that the girl who receives it from the bride will be the next one to marry, and she does not take it off until the marriage ceremony is completed, when it is disengaged and handed to her nearest bridesmaid, who immediately puts it on. This beautiful tradition, I am bound to say, is somewhat marred in the performance. It originated among the early Norman pirates, and was first worn by the daughter of Charles the Simple, who was not long afterwards married to Rollo, the father of the Norman dynasty. But the barbarian customs of those times prescribed that the bride, when married, should allow the best man to take the garter off. She never, under any circumstances, took it off herself, as that would have vitiated all its virtue. I call the attention of our girls to this important point. The garter they wear is all right in color and form, but the method of taking it off is not strictly correct.—*N. Y. Life.*

Over The Telephone Wire.

Busby (at office down town)—Yes—I want my house—yes, that's the number. Hello! Is that you, Mrs. Busby? All right—this Sam—er, yes—can you hear me?

Minister (who has called at Busby's house and is waiting for Mrs. Busby's appearance)—The telephone ringing? Er—yes, this Mrs. Busby's. O, yes, plainly. What? eh! er—ah—a—whees e-e-ew!

What Busby said—I met that gospel-slinging shark that works the salvation mill where you go Sundays to flash up your new togs, and he said he was coming to tea; so you had better see if you can get trusted for some more meat.

Wooed and Won.

A Virginia couple were recently married on horseback. Started on a bridle tour at once, probably.—*Boston Bulletin.*

Marriage can't be much of a failure after all. Every married man keeps his own carriage—if he happens to have a baby.—*Boston Courier.*

A husband who overcomes his wife's fits of temper by means of confections speaks in glowing terms of his sugar-curing process.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Various papers say that marriage is on the decline. That may be, but the ladies who are over sixteen and under sixty years of age are not on the decline.—*Texas Siftings.*

Patience in the School-room.

"And what do you do at school?" asked his uncle of Tommy. "Do you learn to read?"
"No."
"To write?"
"No."
"Well, what then do you do?"
"I wait till it's time to go home."

A Versatile Writer.

"What poet do you like best?"
"I have no favorite, but I think Anonymous is pulling pretty well up toward the front. I see lots of his work nowadays."

Teacher—Tommy, what is a plagiarist?
Tommy—A plagiarist is a man who writes plays.

Traveling.

Among its many other distinctions the latter part of the nineteenth century may be aptly termed the age of travel. An experienced and discriminating traveler is to be distinguished nowadays by his dress just as readily as is the correctly dressed person in any other social channel. He will, generally speaking, be found wearing a suit of Scotch tweed or cheviot. The coat should be a three button cutaway, of the pattern ordinarily known as an English walking coat. The four button sack coat is also worn a great deal among travelers, it being an easy lounging and comfortable coat. The stock of Scotch tweeds and cheviots imported by the fashionable west end tailor this season is especially adapted for traveling purposes, and he invites his many patrons and friends generally to call and inspect his stock. He has also received a full assortment in light flannel goods for tennis wear, and which are now open for inspection. Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

Every day demonstrates the great popularity of Thomas' English Chop House and Ladies' Cafe. Under the management of Keachie & Co. it has become the high class supper room for theater parties, and by far the most popular dining-room for ladies. Indeed it is the only restaurant noticeably patronized by the fair sex.

Toronto to Equal New York.

We are pleased to notice a marked improvement in King street east, which has gained by the opening of the handsome retail seed establishment of the Steele Bros. Co. (Limited) at Nos. 130 and 132. Here are found Palms, Roses, Lilies and Seeds of all descriptions; fountains, birds and everything to make the place still more beautiful will be added. Toronto aristocracy will welcome such a bower of beauty.

NEW GAMES
AT
The Palace Novelty Emporium
49 KING ST. WEST
Telegraph Boy, Bobbing Round the Circle, Robbing the Miller, Ambuscade, Constellations, Bounce, etc.

THE BEST PLACE IN THE CITY IS
CUNNINGHAM'S JEWELRY STORE
For Manufacturing New Designs in
Jewelry, Diamonds and Watches
77 Yonge St., 2 Doors North of King

THE PARMELEE ROOFING AND PAVING CO.
GRAVEL ROOFING
For all kinds of Flat Roofs.
ASPHALT PAVING
For Cellar Bottoms, Sidewalks, Breweries, Stables, etc., etc.
Estimates given for all parts of Ontario.
10 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO.

Recommended by the Medical Profession.
BEEF IRON AND COCA WINE
FOR MENTAL AND PHYSICAL EXHAUSTION
Has all the well-known properties of Beef, Iron and Wine, with the stimulating effects of Coca. It increases the vigor of the intellect, nerves and muscles; sustains strength in the absence of food; produces healthy sleep, and is not followed by any evil effects. Unequaled in cases of sudden exhaustion.
One Dose.—One tablespoonful between meals, or when fatigued or exhausted.
BENGHAM'S PHARMACY
100 YONGE ST., TORONTO.
For Sale by all Leading Druggists.

ISLAND OWNERS MUSKOKA
EXCURSION TICKETS AS USUAL
Steamers are now running.
BARLOW CUMBERLAND
72 Yonge Street, Toronto
Fine Wines and Liquors
Ports, Sherries, Natives
In Wood and Bottle.
The Best and Most Reliable Brands Only
Satisfaction Guaranteed

SHAVER
THE DIRECT IMPORTER
No. 4 Louisa Street, cor. of Yonge Street
SUMMER READING
THAT FRENCHMAN—By the author of Mr. Barnes of New York, &c. Price 50c.
THE REPROACH OF ANNESLEY—By the author of Silence of Dean Maitland. Price 50c.
LE DOCTEUR RAMEAU—By Georges Ohnet. Price 30c.
New Books and Magazines Received Daily
F. W. NYE & CO.
THE ROSSIN HOUSE NEWS DEPOT
187 King St. West, Toronto

FRENCH CLEANING
Evening Dresses, Opera Cloaks, Kid Gloves, Kid Boots, Slippers, &c., beautifully cleaned at the only strictly first-class house in the city.
STOCKWELL, HENDERSON & BLAKE
103 King Street West
Goods sent for and delivered. Telephone 1258.

LUXURIANT GROWTHS OF HAIR
Are seen on the heads of all who use Dr. Dorenwend's
Great German Hair Magic
The equal of this great preparation is yet to be found. It is an unfailing Restorer for Gray Hair. It stops and prevents all Falling Out of the Hair. It Removes all Dandruff and keeps the scalp clean. On Bald Heads (if there are but the faintest traces of roots) the "Magic" will produce a fine growth. Will you try it? or will you let your hair go, and become permanently old? What do you say? All druggists everywhere have it for sale. Ask for it. Do not let the druggist tell you he has "something just a good." See that each bottle bears seal and signature.
A. DORENWEND, Sole Manufacturer, Paris Hair Works, 103 and 105 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

ARMAND'S HAIR STORE
407 YONGE STREET
Ladies should not fail to get their
Summer Frontpieces
which will save them trouble and time during the hot season. Armand's New Pompadour Frontpiece is the most becoming style. Curls on pins, for under the hat, are very convenient and easy to fit.
Waves, Wigs, Bandeaux
Switches in great variety and at all prices. Hair Ornaments of every description and style.
ARMAND'S HAIR STORE
407 Yonge Street 407
Close to Y. M. C. A. Buildings, Toronto.

MISS BURNETT, Removed to
117 Yonge Street
Artistic and Original Hats and Bonnets
From the leading designers in Paris, London and New York.
Elegant designs in Walking, Dinner and Tea Gowns. Experienced fitter.

SPRING 1889
MISS A. STEVENS
FASHIONABLE
MILLINERY
ESTABLISHMENT
251 Yonge Street
TORONTO

The Light Running Domestic Sewing Machine.
The first High Arm, the first Cylinder Shuttle, the first Large Bobbin, the first Drop Leaf, the first Self-Setting Needle, the first Loose Pulley, the first Under Braider
E. C. WILLIAMSON
677 Queen St. West.

CAMPING SEASON
EDWARDS'
DESICCATED SOUP
For Sale by Grocers Everywhere
Wholesale Depot: 30 St. Sacrament St., Montreal
Cook book free on application, naming this paper.

W. A. MURRAY & CO.
Are now showing in every department a magnificent stock of Spring Novelties, specially in High Class Silks, French Dress Goods, Washing Dress Fabrics, Laces, Embroideries, Parasols, Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves, Dress and Mantle Trimmings, Ornaments, Table Linens, Sheetings, Curtains Furniture Coverings and Upholstery Goods or every description. Only first-class goods, and at popular prices at
W. A. MURRAY & CO.'S
17, 19, 21, 23, 25 and 27 KING STREET EAST, and 12 COLBORNE STREET, TORONTO

JAMES HARRIS & CO.
99 Yonge Street, Toronto
TALLY HO! THERE THEY GO!
Telephone No. 1277
Ladies' Hunting Caps and Silk Riding Hats, which for Style, Beauty and Durability are unequalled.
GENTLEMEN'S HUNTING CAPS
Our stock of Stiff and Soft Felt Hats, in all the fashionable colors, is unsurpassed. Sole agents for the celebrated Miller Silk and Felt Hats
LADIES WILL NOTE
We Repair, Alter and Store Fur Garments during the Summer Months at Moderate Prices.
JAMES HARRIS & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF FINE FURS
99 Yonge Street - - TORONTO

TRY OUR NEW PATENT
YATISI YATISI
CORSET
This is the most perfect-fitting and comfortable corset in the market.
Crompton Corset Co'y
Sole Manufacturers for the Dominion

STOVEL & CO.
LADIES' TAILORS
COSTUME AND HABIT MAKERS

Fred Armstrong
Plumber & Gasfitter
Queen St. West

WHO'S YOUR HATTER WHO'S YOUR HATTER
J. & J. LUGSDIN
THE LEADING
Hatters and Furriers
101 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Special for the Ladies
GREAT REDUCTION SALE OF MANTLES
H. S. MORISON & CO.
218 YONGE STREET
Having decided to have their Mantle Show Rooms enlarged and improved for the coming season, and to enable them to do so will require to reduce their present stock of Mantles, and are now holding a GRAND CLEARING SALE of SILK WRAPS, JET VISITES, STREET JACKETS, LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S ULSTERS, ROMAN CIRCULARS and TRAVELING CLOAKS at a reduction of 25 to 50 per cent. off marked prices, including all goods bought lately at a big discount for cash, including all goods bought lately which were stopped in transit and bought at a big discount for cash.
LADIES, come and see for yourselves—note reductions. THIS IS A GENUINE CLEARING SALE, no humbug.
FRENCH CHAMBRAY ROBES
Having purchased a lot of handsome Embroidered French Chambray Robes at 50c. on the dollar, we are selling them at the exceptionally low price of $4.50 each—cheap at $6.50. See these at once, as the price will clear them out in a few days. Also a large assortment of
PRINTS, CHAMBRAYS, SATEENS, &c., &c.
ALL-WOOL HENRIETTAS—Latest Shades,
PRINTED DELAINES, CASHMERES, CHALLIES, &c
PARASOLS---In Very Stylish Designs and Shades.
GLOVES, HOSIERY, CORSETS, &c.
JUST TO HAND.—Convesler's Guaranteed Kid Gloves, 40 dozen, black and colors, which we will sell at $1.25 to clear—our usual price $1.50.
DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING OUR SPECIALTY

THE DAY WILL COME.

BY M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," "The Fatal Three," etc.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.

The two young men drove to the Priory on the following day; Theodore feeling painfully eager to discover what change the last few months had made in Juanita. She had been in Switzerland, with Lady Jane and the baby, living quietly in one of those little villages on the shores of the lake of the forest cantons, which combine the picturesque and the dull in a remarkable degree—a little world of chalets and cottages at the foot of the Rigi, facing the monotonous beauty of the lake, and the calm grandeur of snow-capped mountains, which shut in that tranquil corner of the earth and shut out all the busy world beyond it. Nowhere else had Juanita felt that deep sense of seclusion, that feeling of being remote from all the din and press of life.

And now she was again at the Priory. She had settled down there in her new position, as widow and mother, a woman for whom all life's passionate story was over, who must live henceforward for that new life growing day by day towards that distant age of passion and of sorrow through which she had passed suddenly and briefly, crowding into a month the emotions of a lifetime. There are women who have lived to celebrate their golden wedding who in fifty years of wedlock have not felt half her sum of love, and who in losing the companion of half a century have not felt half her sum of grief. It is the capacity for loving and suffering which differs, and weighed against that time counts but little.

She received her cousin with all her old frank friendliness. She was a little more cheerful than when last they met, and he saw that the new interest of her life had done good. Lady Jane was at Swanage, and Juanita was alone at the Priory, though not without the expectation of company a little later in the year, as the sisters and their husbands were to be with her before the first of October, so that the expense of pheasant-breeding might not be altogether wasted.

"You must be here as much as you can in October, Theodore," she said, "and help me to support Mr. Grenville and Mr. Morningside. One talks nothing but sport, and the other insists upon teaching me the science of politics."

She received Cuthbert Ramsay with a serious sweetness which charmed him. Yes, she was verily beautiful among women, exceptionally beautiful. Those southern eyes shone starlike in the settled pallor of her face, and her whole countenance was etherealized by the spirit of her sorrow. It touched the stranger to see how she struggled to put away the memory of her sorrow and to receive him with all due hospitality—how she restrained herself as she showed him the things that had been a part of her dead husband's existence, and told him the story of the old house which had sheltered so many generations of Carmichaels.

Lady Cheriton had been lunching at the Priory, where she came at least twice a week to watch her grandson's development in all those graces of mind and person which marked his superiority to the average baby. She came all the afternoon to the Priory because of the difficulty in getting Juanita to Cheriton.

"My poor child will hardly ever come to see us," she told Theodore, as they sauntered on the lawn while Juanita was showing Mr. Ramsay the pictures in the dining-room. "She has an insurmountable horror of the house she was once so fond of; and I can understand it, and I can't be angry with her. I have seen her suffering when she has been at Cheriton, so I don't worry her to come any more. My main point of getting her there once in a way in the hope of overcoming her horror of the place as time goes by; and I have succeeded out of my way to make changes in the furniture and decorations, so that the rooms should not look exactly the same as they looked in her fatal honeymoon; but I can't hide from her that every corner of the house is haunted for her. Once when she had been calm and cheerful with me for a whole afternoon, talking about the garden and going from room to room, she flung herself into my arms suddenly, sobbing passionately. 'We were so happy, mother,' she said, 'so happy in this fatal house.' We must bear with her, poor girl. God has given her a dark lot."

Theodore had seen an anxious, inquiring look in Juanita's eyes from the beginning of his visit which told him she wanted to question him, and he took the first opportunity of being alone with her, while Lady Cheriton entertained Mr. Ramsay with an exposition of the merits of her grandson, unconscious of her praises, and slumbering in a hammock on the lawn, half smothered in embroidered coverlets and softest draperies.

"Have you found out anything?" she asked, eagerly, as soon as they were out of ear-shot.

"Yes, I believe I have really come upon a clue, and that I may ultimately discover the murderer; but I can tell you no details as yet—the whole thing is too vague."

"How clever of you to succeed where the police have utterly failed. Oh, Theodore, you cannot imagine how I shall value you—how deeply grateful—"

"Stop, Juanita, for Heaven's sake don't praise me. I may be chasing a Will-o'-the-Wisp. I don't suppose that any experienced detective would take up such a clue as I am going to follow—only you have set me to do this thing, and it has become the business of my life to obey you."

"You are all that is good. Pray tell me everything you have discovered—however vague your ideas may be."

"No, Juanita, I can tell you nothing yet. You must trust me, dear. I am at best only on the threshold of a discovery. It may be long before I advance another step. Be content to know that I am not idle."

She gave an impatient sigh.

"It is so hard to be kept in the dark," she said. "I dream night after night that I myself am on the track of his murderer—sometimes that I meet him face to face—oh, the hideous pallid face—the face of a man who should be hanged and brought to life again. It is always the same kind of face—the same dull livid hue—though it differs as to feature, though the man is never the same. You cannot imagine the agony of those dreams, Theodore. Lay that ghost for me, if you can. Make my life peaceful, though it can never be happy."

"Never is a long word, Nita. As the years go by your child's love will give life a new color."

"Yes, he is very dear. He has crept into my heart, little, nestling, unconscious thing—knowing nothing of my love or my sorrow, and yet seeming to comfort me. I sometimes think my darling's spirit looks out of those clear eyes. They seem so full of thought—of thought far beyond human wisdom."

Theodore could see that the work of healing was being done, slowly but surely. The gracious influence of a new love was being exercised, and the frozen heart was reviving to life and warmth under the soft touch of those baby fingers. He saw his cousin smile with something of the old brightness as she stood by while Cuthbert Ramsay dandled the little lord of Carmichael Priory in his great strong arms, smiling down at the tiny pink face in a cloud of lace and muslin.

"Anyone can see that Mr. Ramsay is fond of children," said Lady Cheriton, approvingly, as if a liking for infants just short-coated were the noblest virtue of manhood.

"Oh, I am fond enough of the little beggars," answered Cuthbert, lightly. "All the gutter brats about St. Thomas' know me, and hang on to my coat tails as I go by. I like to look at a child's face—those old shrewd London faces especially—and speculate upon the life that lies before those young things—the things those eyes are to see, the words those lips are to speak. Life is such a tremendous mystery, don't you know—one can never be tired of wondering about it. But this little fellow is going to be very happy, and a great man in the land. He is going to belong to the new order, the order of rich who go through life shoulder to shoulder with the poor; the redressers of wrong, the adjusters of social levels."

"I hope you are not a Socialist, Mr. Ramsay," said Lady Cheriton, with an alarmed air.

"Not much; but I acknowledge that there are points in my idea towards the boundary line of socialism. I don't want impossibilities. I have no dream of a day when there shall be no more millionaires, no great patrons of art or great employers of labor, but only a decent level of small means and shabby dwellings, and sordid colorless lives. No, there must be butterflies as well as ants—if it were only that the ants may have something pretty to look at. What I should like to see is a stronger bond of friendship and sympathy between the two classes—a real knowledge and understanding of each other between rich and poor, and the twin demons, Patronage and Sycophancy, exorcised for ever and ever."

The tea tables were brought out upon the lawn by this time; Sir Godfrey Carmichael was carried off by his wife to inspect the new young men sat down with Lady Cheriton and her daughter under the tree beneath which Juanita and her husband had sat on the one blissful day which they had spent together at the Priory as man and wife. They seemed a very cheery and pleasant quartette as they sat in the sultry afternoon sunshine, with the broad lawn and flower-beds stretching before them, and the great belt of the old timber shutting out all the world beyond. Cuthbert Ramsay was the chief talker, full of animal spirits, launching the wildest paradoxes, the most unorthodox opinions. The very sound of his strong full voice, the very ring of his buoyant laugh were enough to banish gloomy thoughts and sad memories.

Lady Cheriton was delighted with this new acquaintance; first because he was dexterous in handling a baby; next on the score of general merit. She was not a deeply read person, but she had a profound respect for culture in other people; and she had an idea that a scientific man was a creature apart, belonging to a loftier world than that which she and her friends inhabited. Theodore had told her of his friend's claims to distinction, his hard work in spite of fortune, and seeing this earnest worker boyish and light-hearted, interested in the most frivolous subjects, she was lost in wonder at his condescension.

She begged him to go to Cheriton with Theodore at the earliest opportunity, an invitation which he accepted gladly.

"I have long wished to know Lord Cheriton," he said.

The two young men left soon after tea. Cuthbert's high spirits deserted him as the Priory Gates, and both men were thoughtful during the homeward drive.

"Well, Cuthbert, what do you think of my cousin, now that you have seen her?" Theodore asked when he had driven the first mile.

"I can only agree with you, my dear fellow. She is a very lovely woman. I think there could hardly be two opinions upon that point."

"And do you think—as I do—that it is hopeless for any man to try to win her back, keeping her? Do you think her heart is buried with her dead husband?"

"Only as Proserpine was buried with Pluto. It is not in human nature for so young a woman to wear her weeds for a lifetime. The hour of revival must come sooner or later. She has too much life and too much youth in her to bear monotony of an inconsolable sorrow. Her energy expends itself now in the desire to devote herself to her child. Fulfilling that, her restless spirit will seek some new outlet. She is beginning to be interested in her child. As that interest grows with the child's growth, her horizon will widen. And then, and then, when she has discovered that life can still be beautiful, her heart will become accessible to a new love. The cure and the change, the awakening from death to life, may be slower than it is in most such cases, because this woman is the essence of sincerity, and all her feelings lie deep. But the awakening will come—you may take it for that. Wait for it, Theodore, contain your soul in patience."

"You can afford to be philosophical," said his friend, with a sigh. "You are not in love!"

"True, Theodore. No doubt that makes a difference."

CHAPTER XXII.

"And one, an English lady—gray twilight poured
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored,
A kind of harbor quietness."

Theodore and his friend betook themselves to Cheriton Chase on the following Friday for the kind of visit which North Country people describe as a "week end." They carried their portmanteaux in that portion of the dog-cart which is more legitimately occupied by a brace of spaniels or Irish setters, and they arrived in the golden light of afternoon, just when that sunk lane approaching the west gate was looking its loveliest. Hart's-tongue ferns and rocky boulder, polypodium and the great brown trunks of the oaks were all touched with sunglearns, while evening shadows lay soft and cool upon the ripe flowering grasses in the meadows on either side of the deep gully.

"That is Mrs. Forger's cottage," said Theodore, indicating the gamekeeper's house with a turn of his whip towards the end of the lane where the clustered chimney showed through a gap in the trees.

Ramsay had been introduced to Miss Newton and had constituted himself honorary surgeon and medical adviser to that lady and all her humble friends. He had been invited to the tea parties in Wedgewood street and had interested himself in the young woman called Mercy Forger, and had relieved in her identity with the lodge-keeper's missing daughter, and he had a keen desire to make the lodge-keeper's acquaintance.

"From your account of the lady she must be human adamant," he said. "I like to tackle that kind of character. I've met one of them, and I'm happy to say that if I haven't been able to melt them I've generally succeeded in making them smart. I should enjoy exhibiting my moral aspaforics in the presence of this lady. I shall get you to take me to make a morning call upon her while we are at Cheriton."

"My dear Cuthbert, I would sooner call, uninvited and without credentials, upon the northern lights than upon Miss Newton when she froze me when I tried to be friendly with her last New Year's Day. She was more biting than the north-east wind than was curdling the ponds in the park."

"A fig for her bitingness. Do you suppose I mind? If you won't take me to her I shall go by myself to character on this fatal day, and irresistible fascination for me. I would go a hundred miles any day to see a bitter, bad woman."

"She is bitter enough, but she may not be bad. She may be only a creature who mistakes fanaticism for religion, who has so mis-read her Bible that she thinks it a duty to shut her heart against a beloved child rather than to forgive a sinner. I believe she is to be pitied rather than blamed, odious as she may seem."

"Very likely. A hard heart, or an obstinate temper, is a disease like other diseases. One ought to be sorry for the sufferer. But this woman has a strong character, anyhow, for good or evil, and I delight in studying character. The average man and woman is so colorless a being that there is instant relief in the study of any temperament that touches the extreme. Think how delightful it would be to meet such a man as Iago or Othello—picture to yourself the pleasure of watching the gradual unfolding of such a character! Iago,

La Rose Sanglante.

"And Rose lived as other roses
The space of a morning."

That day there was a high wind at Paraois. The flowers hung their heads and shivered as the Almighty's impetuous breath caught them. When the squall touched the wonderful rose-garden, two leaves, two pearly, transparent, delicate, pinky shells were detached from the same rose and carried away across the immense blue, and soon were a mere speck in the distance.

In a small house on the banks of the river in the Valley of the Marne, a young wife had just become a mother. At the same moment two rose leaves coming through the half-opened window which was left open to catch the air and sun of a beautiful May morning, gently balanced by the breeze fell softly on the lips of the newly-born babe.

The days, the months ran on. Nothing was more sweet than the first stammerings of the little girl. Nothing went more to the heart than these first tender and harmonious sounds. This little daughter became charming. Her mouth had an adorable form, her large limpid blue and very clear eyes were as a reflection of the sky. When she could speak her mother would dreamily listen to her with inexpressible ecstasy, thinking she heard divine music. She named her Rosine.

Poor woman! Madame M—— had become a widow only three months before the birth of her child, which was the ray of hope sent by heaven to console her, to aid her to bear existence, and to dry—little by little—her tears and soften her mourning. Her husband, when dying, left her a small fortune, sufficient for her simple and modest tastes, and she accommodated herself perfectly to this, living retired from the rambling village. Around the house were shady woods, forming in summer a delicious nest, a hidden retreat, where one could live in peace; before the windows were long cradles of flowers mostly composed of roses, and at the other end of the garden the waters of the Marne flowed with a rippling monotone, which gave an animated note to the woods and flowers.

Rosine grew up among this nature, the beauties of which impregnated with each other in her, embellishing her day by day and communicating to her a sovereign charm. In proportion to her transformation everybody showed an invincible attraction, a fresh and flowery embalmed aroma; a sort of fascination which took possession of the onlooker, making the heart flutter and infatuating the soul; the flame of her eyes, the limpid and deep light fell on those that regarded her with an innocent and brilliant splendor. One felt penetrated by something mysterious, something unknown, which troubled the brain without mixing the least with any impure sensation. The angelic design of her lips, the rosy-blooming freshness made one dream of Paradise, and put to flight every wicked thought in mind.

At seventeen Rosine passed as a marvel; not only as graceful and beautiful, but as kindly. The poor adored her, taking her for a saint. Her simple and modest costume, her white robe, on which she wore a red rose, completed the illusion. She seemed to have descended from a mountain of holiness, carrying charity in the folds of her dress, and taking care of every miserable being. She made her charity with an intelligent modesty, gaining hearts at the same time as she comforted and soothed the anguished.

One afternoon Rosine was going to help a poor woman living in a miserable hut at the other end of the village. At the time when she passed the house of a lady who often accompanied her in her daily duties, and who was the friend of her mother she heard someone calling her. Rosine entered, her beautiful red lips smiling, and her eyes having a soft radiancy.

"Rosine, I wish to present to you my son, the tall young man whom you see there, and who is going to keep me company for a month."

Behind the old lady in the shade stood a young officer, with an intelligible and bold figure, who saluted the girl with emotion.

"Do you not recognize me, Rosine? Do you still remember me?"

"You, Charles! Monsieur Charles!"

She found in him her old girlhood comrade; a companion of former plays, lost to sight for long years. But after the first naive movement of surprise this involuntary expansion, a pure red covered face and neck.

"You are a man," she murmured, troubled and lowering her eyes under the officer's look.

"No, it is always Charles who speaks to you, your old friend, but you Rosine, you are beautiful, more beautiful than ever."

She could hardly answer him. Her blue eyes remained fixed for an instant on those of Charles. Then she turned with some embarrassment; for the first time in her life Rosine felt incommoded by a man.

"I have my poor people to attend to and they are waiting for me. *Au revoir!*" she said. "I am going."

Rosine thought a great deal of the young man. Is it necessary to say that Charles wanted her company as much now as ever?

During the month passed at his mother's house, he often saw Rosine, never resting a day without refreshing his soul in her blue eyes, and without in the least feeling his heart taken by those charming lips; and he also could not bring himself to part when his month ran out; he obtained a prolongation of his furlough. His mother afterwards having spoken to him, he believed in his happiness and had faith in Rosine, and Madame M—— received his confidences, his confessions and his hopes.

"Mother," he said to her one day, "be also my mother and I will bless you."

"If Rosine consents to it, Charles, you will be my son," she answered, with a sweet smile which lightened up her tired features, for illness had slowly wasted her; and seeing misfortune ahead, she consoled herself in thinking that her daughter would not remain alone.

Charles found Rosine in the garden near the *parterre*.

"Rosine, dear Rosine, I have just asked your mother if she would consent to become mine. Do you wish it also?"

The young girl became red with her feelings; her eyelids drooping with an indefinable expression of pleasure and confusion. Then whilst Charles held one of her hands to give more force to his prayer, without turning she plucked a rose and handed it to him.

"Rosine! my fiancee, I love you, I adore you."

"Rather early!" she said laughing, as she ran to find her mother, leaving Charles infatuated with his happiness.

Eight days after a first and terrible catastrophe struck the young girl. Madame M—— succumbing to the illness which had been devouring her for a long time, died without pain almost, in her arms. Charles, pale, kneeling, assisted at the prayers for the dying, promising to the poor woman that her daughter could count on him, and he knelt with Rosine at the bedside.

Mourning invaded the little house, and discolored the cheeks and lips of the maiden. Then, at this time, uneasy noises were abroad agitating France, sowing everywhere a vague terror. The young man had the most unhappy apprehensions. Misfortune was at hand; something terribly menacing his happiness and preparing to attack his safety.

Mme. M—— had only rested a few days in the village cemetery, and the flowers piously placed on her grave had not had time to wither, ere war was declared, shaking above all its lighted torch. Charles, being immediately called, was to rejoin his company to set out for the frontier. Rosine felt everything sink around her; having a presentiment of the future, she trembled for him and for herself. The separation of the betrothed was trying, and when Charles, after a last kiss, dragged himself away, she sank fainting. She believed she had seen him for the last time.

Disasters followed, succeeding each other like thunder-bolts. For the first few days news was received from Charles. He had been through every battle, promptly distinguished, named captain and decorated. Soon no word came from him. His mother and Rosine lived in a deadly trance and the noises of battle came to them in far-off echoes—carriers of funeral menaces. What had became of the young officer? Was he dead, wounded, or only a prisoner? Rosine found her black clothing a terrible signification, believing that it brought a double mourning, that of her mother and that of her fiancee. When Charles' mother questioned her she burst into tears without daring to avow her fears.

One evening in the village a soldier was seen dressed in a ragged uniform and wearing a cotton band round his head. He had come from a distance and seemed very fatigued; however, he refused to rest and even refused to eat before his mission was fulfilled. Nobody dare question him, for all had parents or friends in the army, and the same terror closed every heart. The soldier knew just where he was to go and passed through the village. The last house was passed and still he walked on. At last he stood before Rosine's home.

He hesitated to enter, he was hardened and used to the ills of war; two gold-laces, blackened by powder and worn by long service proved it. Before being observed he saw through the window two women, one clothed in mourning weeping in the older one's arms, the latter raising her eyes to Heaven with resignation. A little lamp threw a dull light on the sorrowing figures. He was afraid to announce his news. He must, however, decide, and his step sounded on the threshold.

Rosine started to her feet. Pale, and her eyes enlarged with an unspeakable terror, she stood before the sergeant, her lips were pallid and she stretched her hand tremblingly.

"Charles! Do you bring me news of Charles?"

"Of my son!" said the old lady, who had followed the example of the girl. "He is living, is he not? Ah! tell me, quick."

The soldier turned and covered his eyes with one of his browned hands, while with the other he drew a pocket-book from his uniform and handed it without saying a word. Rosine seized it convulsively, opened it and giving an affrighted cry fell to the floor unconscious. Her terrified companion picked up the fallen object. It was a withered rose stained with blood.

"Dead!" she cried. "Oh! my child! My poor child!"

The sergeant was silent before the heavy sorrow. Great tears rolled from his eyes and glistened on his tanned cheeks and greyish mustache. While he was helping to restore Rosine he was able to give some few details.

He was his captain. A ball had struck him on the chest, just as he was rallying his men. Then he made the sergeant who assisted him swear that he would go to the village of X—— before he breathed his last, find his mother and his fiancee, and give them this pocketbook. He died as he pronounced the names of his mother and of the young girl. Misfortune had come.

When Rosine had recovered her senses, a strange resolution took possession of her. A brilliant flame was in her eyes, her face, if rosy before, now kept a pearly transparent paleness.

"Mother," she said, "I must leave you."

"What do you say?" Has the *malheur* frightened you?"

"Mother, my place is no longer here; I could not live here. I wish to rejoin Charles and to merit being united to him. I am going to take care of the wounded and console the dying. Permit me to become a sister of charity. In each unhappy soldier I will believe to have found your son.

The old lady could not answer; she knew this determination to be sublime, although it was a terrible separation for her. After a last visit to her mother's tomb, after adieux to all she loved, Rosine covered herself with her mourning vail, and set out for the country where the fighting was. She ran to the battlefield.

. . . . . .

The day was spent. The sun when setting threw its long rays on everything, lighting up the woods covered with white frost. The cannon had grumbled all the day, mingling its crashing with the fusilade. It was the eve of the battle. In the village, along the walls, on the ramparts, on the frozen fields and plains, corpses. The dying and the wounded lay by hundreds, and blood ran red and smoking, making monstrous stains on the snowy white. A last ray lightened up the scene before the twilight and the shades of night came, mingling and dissipating in the same uniform and terrible obscurity.

Sorrowful sighs went forth from the trench on the other side of the plateau. A woman clothed in black—a sister of charity—approached looking into the eyes of the poor wretch who gave signs of life among the corpses by which she was surrounded. There were many of her countrymen there, many poor children killed in the flower of their age; and she sighed as she passed near them.

She soon came to a wounded man stretched upon the covering of the trench, his blood reddening the snow around him. He moaned.

He was a Prussian officer and was wounded by the bursting of a shell. The woman bent down to him, and pawing her hand softly under his head, raised him up and forced a little cordial down his throat.

On the wounded man awaking, a sentiment of strange admiration came into his eyes. Ecstatic bliss was in his features when he had for an instant contemplated her who took care of him.

"Heaven! Heaven!" he gasped in French, and expired without any convulsion in Rosine's arm. At the same moment as Rosine looked up, a flash came from the wood and a ball struck her full on the chest.

"*Comme* Charles!" cried the poor girl as she fell.

A radiant smile as a last and fugitive light ran across her features, then a clot of blood formed on the whitened lips, giving them a supreme purple tint.

In Paradise a new squall carried the two rose leaves, but they had changed their color. When they took their place in the celestial parterre, the rose of which they were part became illumined with their contact and became a splendid rose—the rose *sanglante* of war.—*Translated from the French by G. N. Hodgson.*

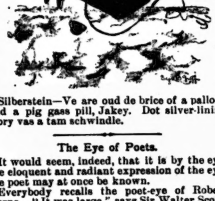
He Never Told His Love.

He never told his love, he said, though time had scored his brow,
But let the golden chance slip by, and cannot do so now;
She's lost to him forever, as she shares another's fate,
Because he never told his love until it was too late.

He never told his love, he said, in accents sweet and low,
Nor whispered in her ear the things all lovers do, you know;
He sought her home to ask her hand, without a single do.
But never told his love because her father kicked him out.

He never told his love, but as the course of years rolled by,
He was not quite so mortified as this may p'raps imply.
He led a happy single life, his rival one of gall,
So that he never told his love was lucky after all.

Another Mining Failure.



Silberstein—Ve are oud de brice of a palloon and a pig gass pill, Jakey. Dot silver-lining story vas a tam schwindle.

The Eye of Poets.

It would seem, indeed, that it is by the eye, the eloquent and radiant expression of the eye, the poet may at once be known.

Everybody recalls the poet-eye of Robert Burns. "It was large," says Sir Walter Scott, "and of a cast which glowed (I say literally *glowed*) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time."

As says Professor Walker: "In his large dark eye the most striking index of his genius resided."

It was said of the eyes of Chatterton, the "marvellous boy who perished in his pride," that "fire rolled at the bottom of them."

And Moore tells us that Byron's, though of a light grey, were capable of all extremes of expression, from mirth to melancholy, from benevolence to scorn or rage.

As for Shelley, his blue eyes were very large and prominent. They were at times, when he was abstracted, as he often was in contemplation, dull, and, as it were, insensible to external objects; at others they flashed with the fire of intelligence."

In the face of Scott there was not much, I think, to indicate the author of Marmion and Waverley, though it wore a general expression of power and resolution; but he had fine eyes—eyes so keen that, as his little son said, it was commonly he who saw the hare sitting.

Goldsmith's eyes were the redeeming feature of his face.

Easy of Hearing.

In a recent article on conductors the following anecdote is told of Berlioz, illustrative of his extraordinary acuteness of hearing—an essential in every good conductor, but with him developed to an astounding degree. The overture to Spontini's La Vestale was being rehearsed. Suddenly, with a violent blow on the desk, Berlioz stopped the band.

"The two clarionetists, stupefied, stared.

Like a lion he jumped down and ran at the terrified musicians.

"Give me the A," he yelled. One did so; then the other.

But when the second A came out, "Oh, le brigand! Oh, le malfaiteur! You sit upon your ears, then! What! you are at least a sixteenth of a tone apart, and you can stand it; and you still play on!"

The appalled clarionetists were ready to sink through the floor in terror and amazement at the man who could detect the difference of a sixteenth of a tone amid the buzz of one hundred instruments.

There is no better excess in the world than the excess of gratitude.

He—Where did you get that suit of armour
She—That belonged to my great-great grandfather.
He (who knows the family history)—Oh yes; to keep the flies off while he was ploughing
—*N. Y. Life.*

Housecleaning Time.

LADIES!
LOOK HERE!

What do you want better than PHENIX LESSIVE to assist you in this laborious work?

For any cleaning purpose it has no equal. Buy only the imported article, with address of manufacturer on every package.

I. PICOT
PARIS, FRANCE.

PERFECTION IN HOT WATER HEATING

NEW GURNEY BOILER

The Best, Most Perfect and Economic Heater Ever Invented

Has no equal for heating Private Dwellings, Public Buildings, Greenhouses and Conservatories

MANUFACTURED BY

The E. & C. Gurney Co., Toronto

Send for our Pamphlet on Hot Water Heating

Intending Visitors to the Paris Exhibition and the Continent
WILL REQUIRE

BASKET TRUNKS
BASKET TRUNKS
BASKET TRUNKS
CABIN BAGS
CABIN BAGS
CABIN BAGS
STATEROOM TRUNKS
STATEROOM TRUNKS
STATEROOM TRUNKS

H. E. CLARKE & CO., 105 KING STREET WEST

SOCIETY REGALIAS

Fancy Ball Costumes

Art Needle Work and Supplies

Together with every description of Fancy-Work Goods, Stamping, etc.

Gold & Silver Fringes Laces, Cords, Tassels, etc.

AT

W. C. MORRISON'S
161 King Street West

PRACTICAL BUSINESS EDUCATION

Special rates to Teachers and Students of Public and High Schools. Our College is open the entire year. For circulars and full information address J. M. Cowley, General Manager, cor. Yonge and Shuter Streets. Important Notice address.

REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER

Its Durability and ease of manipulation are admitted. Recent speed tests have proven it to be the fastest writing machine in the world. If interested, send for full report

GEO. BENGOUGH, 36 King Street East

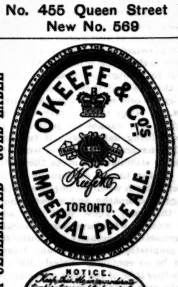
KINDLING WOOD
DRY
Delivered prices, C. O. D., via.:
13 Crates, $3; 6 Crates, $1; 3 Crates, 60 cents
Send post card or call at YULL & HARVIE'S, 20 Sheppard Street. Telephone No. 1570.

Temple of Fashion
455 Queen St. West

We have the largest and best assorted stock of Summer Suitings in the city. All the latest designs in Tweeds and Worsteds. Call and see them.

B. SPAIN
Old No. 455 Queen Street West
New No. 569

OUR CELEBRATED "GOLD LABEL"



IS NOW READY FOR DELIVERY

O'KEEFE & CO.
Brewers, Maltsters & Bottlers
SPECIALTIES—Warranted equal to best brewed in any country. ENGLISH HOPPED ALES in wood and bottle. XXX STOUT in wood and bottle. PILSENER LAGER.

NEW ISSUES
IN
The Red Letter Series of Select Fiction

THE PRETTY SISTER OF JOSE—By Frances Hodgson Burnett ..... 25c.
MEHALAH—By S. Baring Gould ..... 40c.
LIGHTLY LOST—By Hawley Smart ..... 30c.

Canadian Copyright Editions

THE TORONTO NEWS COMPANY
PUBLISHERS' AGENTS

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	50

No subscription taken for less than three months.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (Limited), Proprietors

VOL. III] TORONTO, JUNE 1, 1889. [No. 27

Our Summer Number.

Illustrations which were ordered for our summer number three months ago are not yet finished and the handsome cover was only completed a few days ago. This delay, which has been an irritating and expensive one to the publishers of SATURDAY NIGHT, has made it impossible to issue CANADA'S SUMMER this season, with such attention to artistic detail as we are determined shall characterize our next holiday number. The result has been that this handsome issue has been postponed until the summer of 1890, when the arrangements already completed will make it impossible for us to suffer from a similar delay. In the meantime we are concentrating our efforts on our Christmas number and hope to have the burden of the work done not later than October. In order to accommodate those advertising summer resorts and tourists' routes we will issue a special number of SATURDAY NIGHT at its regular price. We hope they will thoroughly understand that the postponement of CANADA'S SUMMER was made because we could not keep faith with them in our promise to issue it by the 15th of June, and we know that an issue later than that date would not be advantageous to them.

Saturday Night Abroad.

Toronto people who are going abroad or to some watering place for the summer, can have SATURDAY NIGHT mailed to them either at a permanent address or at the series of places they are likely to visit. No pains will be spared to give our subscribers their favorite weekly during their absence from the city. In writing, if you are an old subscriber, give not only your future address but your present one. In sending orders, however, remember that foreign postage is charged in sending papers to European addresses as follows: Three months, 25c.; six months, 45c.; one year, 75c.

Impulsiveness.

In this age of careful calculation and cold deliberation it has become almost a sin to be impulsive. It cannot be denied that impulsive people very often get themselves and their friends into trouble, particularly if they are prone to speak without thinking which is thoughtlessness rather than impulsiveness, but if one has any heart, any warmth of nature or affectionateness of disposition, they are bound to be impulsive unless by the severest self-repression they so subjugate nerves and muscles that their best friends cannot tell whether they are being entertained or bored. It is remarkable what a vast number of people are cultivating this stolidity of demeanor under the false impression that it is necessary to good breeding. Of course if one's impulses suggest wrong actions, they should be suppressed; but when, from the fulness of the heart, one is impelled to say and do kindly things, the world loses much by having such kindly natures imprisoned by conventionality. Men very seldom are demonstrative to one another. They go through the world half of them feeling lonesome and friendless. They meet in business armed to resist each other's aggression, in society frozen by the belief that no one but a novice ever betrays any sympathy for his kind, and none but greenhorns can be interested or enthusiastic. The majority of men who take an occasional glass of stimulants do it for the purpose of thawing themselves out, and the reason they make when they go in their company refuse to indulge to the same extent is caused by the fact that they do not wish to be criticized by the cold eyes of a water-drinking companion. It is an infinite pity that men imagine that they cannot be jolly and cordial without being half tipsy. If they only followed their natural impulses they would find no need for a stimulant to make themselves sociable. Women too are continually freezing one another to death when the impulses of their hearts suggest sympathy and sincere admiration. If they only knew how men adore impulsive women who have sense enough to confine themselves to actually and universally admitted proprieties, affectation and hauteur would not be so common. Nobody likes the crusher whether it be of the male or female sex, but even the over demonstrative are a welcome relief in a room full of people confined by the strait jacket of fear and convention. If people would only be natural they would be impulsive in a proper sense of the word and no matter what is one's true self it will be discovered and it is utterly useless for anyone to endeavor to pass themselves off as anybody but the creature their birth, education and circumstances have made them. They may refine themselves, but only by thinking good things and saying or doing them. The one who always tries to say a pleasant thing, endeavors to relieve another from embarrassment and to show the little attentions which everyone requires except in the circle where they are intimately acquainted, will evince true refinement and proper impulsiveness. There is no room in this world for the brutally candid and roughly aggressive people who take a pride in saying or doing whatever suggests itself to their coarse minds, but outside of this everyone can feel perfectly safe in cutting the cords which hold them fast, and being their own proper selves. The one who acts in any other way is like an uneducated person, who, fearful lest his grammar be bad, says nothing except when forced to speak, and then he is certain to betray not only his ignorance of grammar but that constraint and self-watchfulness which at once makes everyone embarrassingly aware of his own knowledge of his ignorance.

At last a lull in the busy fag end of our musical season comes with welcome effect. The late rush of entertainments and the impending pressure of Juch and Gilmore make the poor critic hail a dull week with delight. For he has not only to go to these concerts and listen to them, not always a pleasant task I assure you, but he has to make up his mind to hear from roundabout sources, that this singer, that instrumentalist, or the other conductor has been abusing him. According to these sensitive gentry, the poor devil of a critic is the most malevolent, Jesuitical, Macchiavellian schemer, liar and twister that there is alive. He is constantly lying in wait to rend these performers limb from limb in types; he lies awake o' nights devising plans whereby he can bring these artists, his natural enemies, into disrepute. He steadily refuses to recognize talent and genius, except in the other fellow.

He is always in league with the other fellow to crush the one, but the one is like truth, not insomuch that he is at the bottom of a well, but that being crushed to the earth he will rise again, he is mighty and will prevail. The critic knows nothing, his ignorance is his best qualification for his work, and so on through the weary round of inanities begotten of egotism, vanity and self-sufficiency, and inspired by the holy fire of that enthusiasm that rushes in where angels fear to tread. It is hard to say which is the more tiresome and nauseating to that poor patient ass, the critic—to hear and see what, these people do when they pose before the public, when they call themselves artists and musicians, or to hear what they say about the critic who fails to appreciate their excellence.

It never strikes these people that they may not be as great and as good as they fondly imagine themselves to be. Self-examination is a process that would never occur to such bundles of conceit. They would rather think that the critic "has a spite against them." If he speaks well of their performances it is the tribute wrung by the excellence of mighty genius from a grudging and unwilling enemy. If he praises he speaks the truth; if he finds fault he—does not speak the truth. In short, when he praises, he knows a lot; when he finds fault, he is clouded in the mists of the coarsest ignorance. Gentle reader, can you recognize any of these sensitive, highly strung organisms? *I* know scores of them in Toronto.

The Lyric Operatic Society made a very fair showing on Tuesday evening at the Grand Opera House in Maritana, and in some respects displayed improvement on the previous performance in February last. Mr. Harold Parr looked quite a Don Jose and quite an actor, but should sing a little more carefully for he has a nice voice. Miss Jardine Thomson's pretty face and pretty voice won her lots of applause, and Mr. Baker's Don Cæsar was distinctly better than his first effort. Mrs. Guerin's costumes were an improvement on those of the winter. But why was the first act set in a forest scene, instead of a street scene? Speaking of costumes, those of the ladies were exceedingly pretty, especially Maritana's; but ye gods! those of the gentlemen of the party were a splendid aggregation illustrating the sartorial differences of several centuries.

Take for instance the Alcalde. He had on 19th century shoes, an undress military jacket, a naval sword, and breeches of any century. Still, as amateurs, they did well, with the exception of wavering choruses, waving arms, and a general impression that all that is necessary to act is to move about. The poetry of motion was so constant as to make a nervous man—and I am one—almost shriek with pain. The orchestra occupied a curious position in Tuesday's performance. It played the overture, then the stage not being ready a march was introduced, and between the acts dance music was offered, thus violating one of the canons of operatic performances—and during the opera itself they sat still and admired. Mme. Stuttaford played the accompaniments on a piano that was unpardonably out of tune.

Now that the bands are being engaged to play in the parks in the summer, I would make a strong appeal to have them play every Saturday afternoon in one of the parks, so that mothers may take their little ones to enjoy the music. These concerts should not be altogether for the grown people who are free evenings, or for the smaller ones who can emancipate themselves from family restrictions against late hours, but the poor mother who cannot leave her babe in the evening, but who could take it with her in the daytime, should also be considered.

The annual convention of the Canadian Society of Musicians meets July 2, 3, 4, when papers will be read upon the Organ Historically Treated, the Violin, the Formation and Management of Church Choirs, the Formation and Management of Choral Societies, the Growth and Influence of Music upon National Character.

I have received a copy of the new song, Slumber Deep by W. Crowley, published by Nordheimer. This is the song which was so prettily sung by Mr. A. M. Gorrie at the Queen's Own Minstrel concert, being in fact the only ballad which was encored that evening, a fact creditable alike to the composer and the sweet singer. It is an exceedingly pretty song with a tender sentiment; and should be the most popular trifle of the day.

A new addition to the teaching forces of the city is Signor Rubini who comes from England with strong letters of recommendation to Messrs. Nordheimer. His department is the voice.

The Juch-Perotti concerts delighted hundreds this week, but are too late for notice in this issue.

On Tuesday evening Mr. Torrington's orchestra will give its final concert this season, and will play, among other numbers, Ambroise Thomas' Le Caid, Delibes' Valse Lente e Pizzicati, the Lohengrin Bridal Chorus, Mignon Gavotte, and the Grand March from the Prophete. Miss Bourdette and Mr. Dent will be vocalists, and instrumental solos will be played by Messrs. Smith, Clarke, and DeLima.

Soon Gilmore's great musical anvil and artillery jubilee will be upon us, in which connection the fine chorus of the Philharmonic Society must not be forgotten, both Mr. Gilmore and Mr. Torrington taking the combined forces in hand. The novelties of this year are even more entertaining than the good things of last season, the best of which however are retained. The plan of seats opens on Tuesday next.

The Buffalo *Express* says that Mrs. Agnes Thomson's Mabel in the Pirates of Penzance could nowhere be equalled. It is safe to say, this lady's voice will certainly win her fame in any land.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

Last week may be said to have practically finished the theatrical season in this city. Outdoor attractions will now usurp the attention of the pleasure-seeker for several months, and real life set in real scenery be a greater charm than the mimic life and canvas setting behind the footlights. Population here is scarcely large enough yet, to support even the lightest form of dramatic exhibition in the summer months, as was shown by the failure of the Island Casino last summer to begin to imitate the success of its famous prototype in New York. At her present rate of advancement, however, Toronto will soon reach that point when such an institution will be profitable, and the island will probably be its location. Fanned by the tempered breezes that make the Island "a joy forever" on a warm evening, an audience could sit in delightful comfort and lose itself in the melodious motion of some light and pretty opera.

On Friday and Saturday evenings Haverly's Minstrels attracted large crowds to the Grand Opera House. The performance was excellent and was thoroughly appreciated by those who saw it.

Tony Pastor's Company closed last week at the Toronto Opera House. The performances included many good specialties and was bright and amusing as the performances of Tony Pastor's companies usually are. They were well patronized. This week French, Lester & Allen's All America Compay played at the Toronto Opera House. The show is of the specialty variety and is exceedingly bad. The only passables features are the banjo playing of French and McDonald's singing and these are pretty tart. The Plug Hat, a farce with which the performance concludes, is the rankest of its kind.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Again the old rumor circulates that Henry Irving is to be knighted for having played before the Queen at Sandringham last week.

The genial Fritz's hobby is horseback riding. Every morning and afternoon, Mr. Emmet can be seen on the equestrian road in Central Park indulging in his favorite exercise. In his stables at Albany he keeps ten saddle horses, including "Hamlet," "Markham," "Eph," "Tom," and the Kentucky thoroughbred, "Sensation."

Charles Arnold, who comes to America under engagement to Simmonds H. Brown, with his highly successful American play, Hans the Boatman, sailed from Sydney, Australia, on May 19, for America, via England, arriving here early in July. The London *Observer* says: "It is a one-part piece, but what a part! Arnold is worth going miles to see; his impersonation of the light-hearted mirth-loving Hans is a marvelous performance, full of humor, pathos, tears and laughter. I have rarely seen an audience so strangely excited and worked up as that of last evening.

Here is a good story concerning the rival Little Lord Fauntleroys. They say that Elsie Leslie's people were set on advertising the child as much as possible, and that no opportunity was lost to bring her name before the public. An enterprising note-paper manufacturer in Boston got out some noveity in paper, and on the lid of the boxes a picture of Elsie Leslie as Little Lord Fauntleroy. The child graciously conceded, and wrote: "You want my autograph. I give it with pleasure. I am the first and original Little Lord Fauntleroy. Signed, ELSIE LESLIE." A little while ago young Wallie Eddinger, who has also made a hit in the same part, was invited to sign an advertisement, or give his autograph for use, by a Portland, Me., clothing man, who had put a Little Lord Fauntleroy suit on the market. "You want my autograph," wrote Master Eddinger. "Here it is. I am the last Little Lord Fauntleroy, and the best."

Mr. Kyrle Bellew in Chicago appeared in the court room in the case of Mrs. Carter, and the closing act of this little legal drama is doubtless accepted in Chicago as a lurid advertisement of the coming season of Antony and Cleopatra. The public who have followed the case need not be told that Mrs. Carter made serious complaints against Antony; and Lawyer Walker in closing, delivered the following remarkable speech, which is printed in all the Chicago papers:

"I cannot denounce," he said, "in terms of sufficient bitterness, the action, the cruelty, the heartlessness of this self-convicted seducer. He should be lashed out of society, and the doors of all respectable homes should be shut against him. He never made a reputation in this, or any other country, except for his pretty face and subtle form."

The American operatic boom abroad includes Miss Howe—who, by the way, is said to have captivated the wayward heart of the erratic Mr. Blakely Hall. It is said of their first meeting that it followed upon Mr. Hall's enthusiastic admiration of Miss Howe's shapely head. He knew her brother, and it was his generosity that made her debut a possibility. The sum he advanced, it is only just to say, was immediately returned. When Mr. Hall and Miss Howe met, they were prepared to be friends at once. With, however one of those queer freaks of emotional natures they conceived a most violent dislike to each other—a dislike bordering upon aversion. Recent report says, however, that Mr. Blakely Hall is at her feet (when he is not at the feet of the fair author of Hermia Suydam), and that he has reached an advanced stage of sentimentality heretofore supposed to be beyond the attainment of his unsusceptible nature.

If the cable is still to be trusted, the great American prima donna has at last had operatic birth in the person of Miss Sybil Sanderson of California. When Miss Sanderson made her social debut in San Francisco her voice was considered one of her chief charms. Her vivacity, her figure and her reckless defiance of *les convenances* were her other *attraits*. Report to the contrary notwithstanding, she is not beautiful. Her face is heavy and lacking in mobility, but she has expressive eyes and beautiful teeth, and in conversation her face lights up most agreeably. Miss Sanderson has never ceased since her debut to concentrate upon herself the eyes of San Francisco. Her *risque* stories, told with an air of guilelessness no one could question, and her daring escapades, from which she managed always to issue unscathed, were cakes and ale for the gossiping tongues of the female San Franciscans; and, *sans* the protection of her family's unassailable position, I fear she would have been dropped out of San Francisco society before the end of her second season. Her greatest sensation was made when she became wildly enamored of one of Mapleson's third-rate tenors, Cardinali, who had a face like a poet and a hand like a ham. The protestations and prayers of her family were of no avail, and rather than bear with a scandal, her father, Judge Sanderson of the Supreme Bench of California, consented to her engagement provided Cardinali could substantiate his claims to noble birth. There was a great deal of red tape gone through with. Mme. Scalchi's husband, Count Lolli, and the Marquis de Testa-Ferrata of the Papal household, then on a visit to Mr. John Parrott in San Francisco, were Mr. Cardinali's references, but, needless to state, the young tenor's claims to rank were never proved, and the engagement died a natural death. How their wooing was conducted has always remained a mystery, since Cardinali spoke neither French nor English and Miss Sanderson could not speak Italian.

Scraps of Fun, Fashion and Philosophy.

I agree fully with the woman who said that blood would tell, but she preferred it would not tell by making her nose red.

Mamma—You can have no more candy. It isn't good for your teeth.

Bertie—But, mamma, I don't take it for my teeth.

Bessie—That widow broke her husband's heart. I hope she is satisfied.

Jennie—Not at all. She is now going to try and break his will.

It is a joke in Troy that trains do not stop in Albany unless they are flagged; but it is a joke in Albany that they do not stop in Troy because they can't find the place.

We are in a halo of camphor, so to say. Every blessed house you go into smells of it, and the hostess, as the representative busy bee, is putting away her winter togs in it to protect them from the seductive moth.

Court—Are you a married man?

Prisoner—No, your honor.

Court (absently)—Please tell this court how long you have been a bachelor, and under what circumstances you were induced to become one.

Mrs. St. Louis—I see that Richard Wagner's gondola has been sold in Venice.

Mrs. Chicago—Why, I thought that Wagner was the sleeping car man.

Mrs. St. Louis—Oh, no; Wagner the composer, you know. The gondola was his favorite instrument.

The pointed beard has received its death blow in London, in spite of the fact that the Prince of Wales still holds to it. The proper thing for the smart division this year is to be clean shaven. It does not add greatly to the beauty of the individual so divested of hirsute adornment, but it is the proper caper nevertheless.

The Prince of Wales has a most deep rooted dislike to a black tie when worn in conjunction with evening dress, and refuses to tolerate it under any circumstances. More than one visitor to Marlborough House has had his name struck off the books merely because he had been guilty of the offence of appearing in a black tie at entertainments at which H. R. H. was present.

He was a barber, by his cushioned chair;
As deft a man as ever handled hair;
And scores of patrons thronged and hurried there,
He shaved so well.

In after years, it chears us to relate,
He started business selling real estate;
In course of time he made a fortune great,
He shaved so well.

An after-dinner orator recently mixed Sir Walter Scott and Pope in a rather amusing but trite manner. In his peroration he quoted:

Oh, woman, in our hours of ease!
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

A sudden entrance into a certain west end nursery surprised the youthful hostess in the midst of playing party. To complete the illusion her little brother Tom was weeping bitterly in the next room.

"What is the matter with Tommy?" asked the visitors. "Isn't he invited to your party?"

"No," responded the youthful student of modern society, "he isn't in our set."

A Frog who had his Home in a Puddle by the Wayside Made such an Ado one night as a Traveler passed that way that the Man was Fain to stop and Inquire the Occasion of it. "Had I not made such a noise you would not have known of my Presence," replied the Frog. "But now that I do know, what of it?" queried the Man. "Why, I am here." "Yes, but what are the odds to me where you are? You are but a Frog, place yourself where you will." Moral: The Man whose Mouth makes his Presence known is seldom considered worth minding.

Native—You have traveled in every country of Europe?

Traveler—Yes.

Native—And cannot speak anything but English?

Traveler—No. Two English words will carry you anywhere. Every country understands them.

Native—What are they?

Traveler—How much?

The Hand of the Mafer.

For Saturday Night.

Letters, a pile of them waiting,
Numbering fully two score,
And I carelessly scan their faces
Turning them o'er and o'er;
Letters on all sorts of matters,
A pity they e'er were penned
For they mean but a deal of bother
Before one can reach the end.

Letters, a varied assortment
Posted from far and near,
With manifold types of writing—
Blotted, and bold, and clear;
Now and again one dainty
And yielding a faint bouquet—
A summons to ball or party
Or a chapter of love's old play.

And down at the very bottom,
Last of the motley pile
Lies the one that alone has power
To call forth a we'come smile;
'Tis feminine in every feature
And quaintly precise maybe,
But 'twas penned by the dear old mater
And it's worth all the rest to me.

Week after week its fellows
Have come on the self-same day,
Filled full of news to o'erflowing
Though others had naught to say;
With name and address blazoned fully,
Every letter distinct and fair,
For never an I undotted
Could escape from her studied care.

What hand but a loving mother's
Those wonderful loops could trace
That guide a maternal blessing
Far from the old home place;
Following ever and truly
Undaunted by space or clime,
To strengthen the golden fetters
Forged in the by-gone time.

For the hand that penned the letter
Is the same far-reaching power
That swung the correcting shingle
In childhood's thoughtless hour,
That could change from caress of velvet
To the firmness of tempered steel
That the child might learn the lesson
To guide it to future weal.

A little hand, but a mighty,
When nerved by a mother's love,
That feared not to stretch forth boldly
Even far to Heaven above,
To pluck at the robe of the Master
With the touch of a holy prayer
That He might aid her effort
And perfect her guarding care.

Ah! the wonderful power
Of that soft hand white and cool
In bending all stubborn passions
To a mother's loving rule—
A heal-all in time of sickness,
A wizard that conjured sleep,
A check upon wayward footsteps
Risking a dangerous steep.

A hand that strove unceasing
Though hope seemed well-nigh dead
That showed not the heart's wild beating
When blessing an erring head;
Like the hand of sleepless pilot
Oft weary and sorely tried,
But yielding the helm never
Till safe on a shoreless tide.

A brave little hand in toiling
It has striven long and true,
Never shirking the labor
That it has found to do,
And when it finds rest forever
And the o'er-worked nerves are stilled
It will close on the priceless guerdon
For a task that was well fulfilled.

ED. W. SANDYS.

Excursions.

For Saturday Night.

I wonder if the Medes and Persians
Had holiday excursions,
Or if the strict Cesterclans
Take a trip

To the fashionable places,
Athletic sports and races,
In crowded trains and chaises,
Or a ship

Now of all the very funny,
Nasty ways of wasting money,
I'll tell you what, my sonny,
It's the worst.

You are crowded, and you're hurried;
You are wearied, you are worried;
You are squashed and you are scurried
Fro a the first.

The trains are overflowing;
The b ats with heat are glowing;
Everywhere are babies crowing
Very loud.

You are cornered, and you're hustled;
You are bruised, and you are bustled,
By toughs uncouth and muscled
In the crowd.

You are sure to lose your ticket
If in your hat you stick it,
A crook will see and nick it
Ere you know.

You are very nearly choking;
Bad tobacco most are smoking;
Vile cigars and viler joking
Are the go.

Drunken men and women screaming;
Porters yelling, engines steaming,
There's not much chance of dreaming
Or of rest.

There's more noise than in a battle—
Ceaseless din, and row, and rattle;
I'd rather ride with cattle—
'Twould be best.

I don't mean any treason
To the gay excursion season,
Let those who have a reason,
Trips uphold.

I say, take your summer pleasure
In your own time—at your leisure.
This advice you'd better treasure,
Just like gold.

TOMMY GREEN.

Noted People.

The aged Empress Augusta of Germany is to pass her summer at the Villa Messmer at Baden.

Miss Rhoda Broughton lives in a little old house on a little old street at Oxford, with a walled garden filled with roses. She keeps a number of pet dogs, chiefly of the pug breed.

The Shah of Persia, during his stay in London, will occupy Royal apartments in Buckingham Palace, and he is expected to reach the metropolis about June 14, and to remain over a fortnight.

Wm. E. Gladstone considers the Prince of Wales a shrewd, clever man, who keeps himself well informed regarding the topics of the day. He seldom opens a book, but gleans a good deal from conversation. Mr. Gladstone thinks the Prince a success as a public man.

At a Bohemian luncheon, soon after her newspaper war with Mrs. Atherton, Mrs. Wilcox was dilating on what it pleased her to term a masterstroke in drawing invidious comparisons between Mrs. Atherton's physique and her own. "And," she added, smilingly, "there isn't a man in the city who doesn't envy my husband."

The Prince of Wales, like the *bon vivant* he is, takes his time in eating, and thus gives his guests leisure to enjoy their grub! The Prince is indeed a *gourmet*, and no man in Europe is more particular about his table and his wines. He is a tremendous eater, and one of his favorite dishes is a spring chicken *a la crème ou fonds d' artichauts*, one of the most simple and yet at the same time difficult dishes to make; in fact, rumor asserts that only one man living can cook it properly—Larsonneux, the famous chef. The Princess, on the other hand, eats very little; in fact, merely nibbles, but her great fondness for raw tomatoes has perhaps done not a little to make that very healthy dish fashionable.

The Queen of Italy's charities are not only generous, they are full of delicate consideration for the objects of her compassion. She is always trying to elevate the art and industries of her country, and studying methods by which to promote Italian prosperity. When the production of Burano lace had almost died out, it was Margherita who set herself to revive it; she hunted up an aged woman who yet remembered the stitch and made her teach her younger neighbors, and then set the trade going once more by diligently purchasing, and inducing her ladies to purchase, this native product, even till it once more became the fashion and a flourishing source of livelihood to the indigent people of Burano.

Spanish photographers unite in one wild wish, viz., that of "taking" their youthful Sovereign day by day, hour by hour. A negative that fairly features His Majesty means a small fortune to the happy possessor. The portraits of Alfonso XIII. sell immensely in other countries besides his own, and bid fair to outrun those of the Emperor Frederick, so much in request last year. Queen Christina and her three children form a most interesting Royal Family picture; nothing equal, of course, to the marvellous Jubilee group of Queen Victoria, with descendants and sons-in-law, which required a printed key and some two hours' patience before ordinary mortals could be certain who was who; yet the little Spanish galaxy is comforting in its way as being enough of the sort, yet not too much.

It is a curious fact that Washington Irving Bishop always feared premature burial. He had a presentiment that some time, while in a cataleptic state, he would be thought dead and put underground. It was on this account that, two or three years ago, he told a friend—a physician, by the way—he wished every possible precaution taken to avert such a possibility. "I do not want an autopsy held," he said, with emphasis, "and even if the doctors agree that death has come, don't let me be placed in the earth. Put me in a coffin plentifully provided with auger-holes, and leave me in a vault for a month." But the doctors cut him up three-hours-and-a-half after he believed himself to be dead, and now the experts and coroners are vainly trying to discover whether at the time of the carving, Bishop was really lifeless or only in a trance.

Since the publication of Through One Administration the *Century* people and Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett have hardly been on speaking terms. All the success of Fauntleroy has not made its authoress any more popular with the magazine, and it is quite probable that a number of years may pass before *entente cordiale* is resumed. It was in something like pique that the *Century* editor closed so hurriedly with Mrs. Catherwood, who, so far as she is known at all, is known not to be friendly with Mrs. Burnett. The Romance of Dollard was so far from being a success that the readers of the *Century* have not ceased wondering at the judgment that accepted it for a serial. But it gave Mr. Gilder a chance to say that unknown writers were not received unfavorably by the *Century*, and at the same time Mrs. Catherwood was used as a snub to Mrs. Burnett.—*Truth.*

Speaking of Mr. Gilder reminds me of a funny incident in connection with him. During a yachting trip last summer the cruise led the party into harbor one night on the coast of Massachusetts. Mr. Gilder went ashore and made his way to the rural post office hurriedly, and posted a couple of letters. He had no sooner left the office than the old postmistress locked the door and followed him excitedly. She made her way to the nearest cottage and called out its resident. "There," she whispered anxiously, "that's him again down the beach—him with the wild eyes and long hair. I guess he's what ye call a crank. He has just given me two letters to be sent to the President an' Mrs. Cleveland, an' I don't know whether I ought to let 'em go or not." "Well," said the cottager, with a smile, "I think they are safe enough, Aunt Abby. That is Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the *Century* and a personal friend of the President." "Sakes alive!" said Aunt Abby, thoughtfully, "I thought as mebbe he were a Geetoo or some crazy chap like that. Well, all I have to say is, if that's the kind of friends the President keeps company with, I wonder Mrs. Cleveland is able to sleep nights."

Art and Artists.

This week I purpose noticing, particularly, a number of the most important pictures exhibited by the Ontario Society of Artists at the Canadian Institute. I am pleased to hear that many people have visited the exhibition, and hope to be able to congratulate the artists on the sale of a great many pictures when it closes next week.

•

In a deep shadow in the north-eastern corner of the room is hung, perhaps, the most artistic picture in the collection. It represents an old man complacently taking a pinch of snuff and is painted by Mr. J. K. Lawson, who is now in England. The treatment is broad and vigorous and the coloring very good. Though unfavorably hung it was found and admired by many of the visitors. Mr. Lawson also shows another good little picture, A Scene in Tangiers, Morocco (45).

•

Papa Gone is the title of a large picture by Paul Peel. It represents a young woman seated by a cradle, looking tearfully at her child. From her appearance one would judge that if papa is really gone, like the husband Sol Smith Russell sings about, "He'll never return." Mr. Peel seems fond of using ugly women for models. The drawing is good but his painting of flesh seems peculiar and the shadows are a little harsh. The Arab by the same artist is a good broad piece of work. The Young Botanist, also by Mr. Peel, represents a little girl seated on a grassy bank examining a plant. The face and hands are well handled but her bare feet are not well drawn nor do they look like sun-browned flesh.

•

Mr. Homer Watson is represented in this exhibition by eleven landscapes and one marine subject. These pictures are painted in the low tone usually adopted by this artist, and are marked by a vizor of treatment which few of the other landscapes possess. A Highland and a Lowland Burn, both pretty little works, tell of his visit to the "land of cakes" last year. No. 32, by Watson, is a large landscape with a marshy road in the foreground, along which a man drives sheep. Farther back are trees and a small cabin, from which the blue smoke curls very realistically. The sunlight on the tree seems peculiar, but beyond this the picture is very good.

•

Mr. G. A. Reid is very happy in his selection of a subject for a Canadian picture, namely—Logging. It is a feature of farm life which in many parts of Ontario is dying out, and which is worthy of preservation on canvas. If he were as happy in handling it as in his selection his picture would be worthy of all praise. The weakness of Mr. Reid's picture lies in the drawing of the men. Their bodies are too small for the size of their heads, and they are not laboring as men would in rolling such huge timbers. The logs are excellently painted, and the background and smoky atmosphere is very effective. Mr. Reid also shows two good head studies and a pair of small landscapes. Mrs. Reid has a pretty little bunch of roses.

•

Mr. T. M. Martin shows several good bits of local scenery. The largest is An Old Willow, Rosedale. A bright, sunny landscape surrounds the old tree through which runs a stream beside which a few cows, fairly well drawn, are feeding. There is some clever incidental work in the foreground, but the sky seems scarcely luminous enough. September Afternoon near Toronto, by Mr. Martin, is one of the best autumn landscapes on view. His water color of a dead bird is good, but the same cannot be said of his etchings, which are feeble in the extreme—lack breadth of treatment and good drawing.

•

An oil painting of Nepigon Lake, by F. A. Verner of Montreal, is a strong picture. He also shows a large number of excellent water colors. *Le Dejeuner pour Marie*, by Miss Mildred Peel, is a clever little picture. It represents a child seated before a fireplace on a stool eating out of a cup. Miss S. Tully exhibits a good Study of a Head. A Quiet Smoke, from the same brush, represents an Arab seated on the ground smoking. It is broadly painted, but the drawing is rather crude about the foot. A portrait of a young lady (38), by J. C. Pinhey of Montreal, is the most artistic portrait on the walls. He is not so successful in his other work—the Afternoon Tea being defective both in drawing and coloring. Mr. J. W. L. Forster is well represented by two portraits and a head study. Mr. W. Cutts shows a well painted portrait of Mr. E. Coatsworth, jr. Mr. W. A. Sherwood's work shows marked improvement, especially in his portraits. In his Before the Game, his boys are well grouped, but each one seems to be posing for a photograph. Mr. J. C. Forbes' paintings of Bananas and Peaches are both effective pieces of work.

•

In the water-color section all is landscape, ranging from a cow pasture on the banks of our own Humber, to the rock-battlemented and snow-crowned steeps of the Alps and the Rockies. One of the largest and most striking pictures is A Winter's Morning at the Foot of the Wetterhorn, by C. J. Way. Being a snow scene, it is painted in a very light key, and though a scene unfamiliar to most Canadians, it appears to be skilfully treated. Mr. Way shows one or two other clever things. Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith seems to have the lion's share of this department, being represented by twenty pictures, nearly all of which are scenes in the Rockies. I am not familiar with landscape on the Pacific slope, but I imagine that Mr. Bell Smith's hand is hardly vigorous enough to bring out the strong character of scenes which must be stupendous in their grandeur rather than merely pretty as we see them in many of Mr. Bell Smith's pictures. Mr. M. Matthews has several good pictures on view. In No. 128, he has made a fairly successful attempt to catch the glowing colors of our autumn foliage, though his blackbirds or crows are rather too big to harmonize properly. Mr. T. C. V. Ede has a nice little group of cattle in No. 129, Coming Home. The drawing might be a little more thorough but the general effect is pleasing. Mr. Bruenech exhibits some good European scenes. Mr. D. Fowler's Low Water, Bay of Quinte, is a bright bit of water color. Mr. H. Perre has one or two clever sketches, also Mr. J. T. Rolph whose Evening at Mimico is a pleasing little picture. A twilight scene (85), by C. Ahren's, is also an effective bit of brush work. Mr. F. A. Verner's Canadian Elk (120) is a well-handled subject. Mr. C. M. Manley has one or two good sketches rather badly hung. Other water color artists represented are H. Martin, J. W. Morrice, Jas. Griffiths, W. Revell and Miss E. May Martin.

VAN.

A Fantasie.

I cannot find the way,
Mine eyes are naught but dark;
The music I essay
A thousand discords slay
Yet something like an arc
Sometimes across the sky
Sweeps luminous with light.
It is a fantasie—
A vision taking flight—
Night.

I see the dark, until
Mine eyes are filled with dark,
Yet even the midnight's thrill
In purple never still
Hides the immortal lark.
I cannot reach afar
To notes so mocking high,
The lark sings to a star.
It is a fantasie—
A rapture taking flight—
Night.

Trinity Talk.

The condition of Mr. V. Price, '91, who has been long and seriously ill is now daily improving.

•

The ordination examination for the diocese of Ontario is now in progress. Three candidates are writing.

•

The approaching examinations in Arts and Divinity cast their gloomy shadows before them. The mind of the student is, at present, bent on work and passing a successful exam. There is an unusual stillness throughout the corridors, indicative of the hum of busy toilers in the seclusion of their rooms. Even the drones are bestirring themselves and making some efforts to prevent the plucking of their wings.

•

I hear that H.R.H. the Princess Louise is to be offered an honorary degree in music at the next Convocation. There will be four D. C. L.'s bestowed, and the public orator will again fill Convocation Hall with the sonorous eloquence of his Latin periods, as he presents the scarlet-robed doctors to the gorgeously clad chancellor amid the applause and mirthful comments of the undergraduate occupants of the gallery.

•

The cricket eleven goes to Hamilton to-day to play against the club of the Ambitious City. Trinity will be minus the aid of one or two of her best bats in this important match.

•

Dr. Bourinot's lectures on Canadian Political Economy come to a close this afternoon. The lectures have all been instructive in the highest degree, and it is a pity that more have not taken advantage of the opportunity to learn something about their own country. The lecturer has handled our history and dicussed our methods of government in the able manner that is to be expected from so eminent an authority on such matters as Dr. Bourinot is well known to be. It is to be hoped that his lectures will be published in book form, as the volume would undoubtedly be found of great service to the public.

•

J. S. Broughall, '87, the lately appointed fellow in classics, returns this week rom Johns Hopkins University, where he had been postgraduating. The match on Saturday will probably see him in his old place behind the wickets, guarding them tenderly and effectiv ly.

•

The result of the cricket match on the Queen's birthday with the Toronto club exceeded the fondest expectations of the Trinity men. They won handily from the Torontos' powerful eleven by a score of 25. To the bowling of Grout and Wallace Jones may be set down the reason of the victory. The former exhibited his old time form and committed great havoc while the latter got rid of the crack batmen with very little difficulty. Cameron and W. W. Jones carried off the honors in batting, and it must be said that the latter proved himself a tower of strength to the College eleven. A feature of the match was the injuries with which some of the players met. Dyce Saunders was laid out while keeping wickets, by a ball which struck him on the ear. Dr. Ogden Jones was unfortunate to dislocate his finger; while the wicket seemed to have a rooted dislike to Goldingham—no less than three successive balls from Grout hitting him on the body.

•

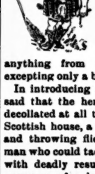
The At Home combined with the cricket match was thoroughly successful and enjoyable. The terrace was adorned by a galaxy of pretty girls, whose bright costumes formed a beautiful parterre to the cricket ground. The charms of the races were not sufficient to deter a large number from spending a pleasant afternoon at Trinity. It is no wonder that the Trinity men won with such fair applauders, for the majority of them were decidedly in favor of the collegians. Refreshments were served under a spreading oak on the tennis court, and there was many a pleasant ramble, and many a delightful *tete-a-tete* in the grounds, which looked their prettiest with their wide stretching lawns, leafy foliage and gay flowers. Convocation Hall was thrown open for dancing, and many took advantage of the excellent music and the capital floor, which the hall affords—in fact one of the best and smoothest dancing surfaces in Toronto. Amongst the ladies whose presence I noted were: Mrs. Allan, Mrs. Body, Mrs. and the Misses Strachan, Miss Jones, Miss Norris of Guelph, Miss Benson of Port Hope, the Misses Brough, the Misses Boulton, Mrs. and the Misses Osler, the Misses Murray, Miss Wadsworth, Miss Lindesay of Ottawa, Mrs. and the Misses Monk, Miss Bright, Miss Boultbee, Mrs. and the Misses Morgan, Mrs. and the Misses Cayley, Mrs. and the Misses Gregory, Miss Patteson and the ladies of St. Hilda's. There were also fair representatives of the Bishop Strachan school, Mrs. Neville's and Miss Dupont's.

ENYX.

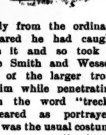
A Reel Tangled Fish-lyin.

For Saturday Night.

The present gentlemanly pastime is of course angling for the wary trout, and, especially in the Province of Quebec, it is eagerly pursued. Thinking that possibly an article treating of this seasonable and interesting business might prove of interest, the following reliable account of the experience of a couple of ardent followers of "Ancient Ike" is respectfully submitted. It is not of the thrilling hair-raising style so frequently adopted by men who wish to impress the public with their daring and skill in the pursuit of dangerous animals; it is rather a simple narrative of facts fried in perspiration with dish gravy, pure and unvarnished as the tail of a comet and written upon its merits and C. P. R. paper for the benefit of whom it may concern. Ere plunging into the stream of facts it may be as well to say that its special dignity lies in the illustrations—they are rank no end, and rank should always command respect. Furthermore, they were carefully prepared from specifications by one of the greatest artists of the day—a man gifted beyond endurance and capable of drawing upon anything from his imagination upwards—excepting only a bank.



In introducing *dramatis personæ* it may be said that the herculean laird in the costume decollated at all the ends is a scion of a noble Scottish house, a man deeply versed in fishing and throwing flies, a ghoul for sport, and a man who could tackle a "sawmin" (in the can) with deadly result. The other party is the possessor of a long experience and was undoubtedly constructed for accommodating just such an article; he can whip a stream (or anything else that is sure to run) all day long and never grow weary, and taken all round is about as good a chap to tell about fishing as is allowed to live. These twain decided to take a few trout, and after a trifle of casting about landed the important information that near the pretty town of Lachute the wished for quarry might be found. Their informant also stated that there were no flies nor mosquitoes to speak of, and now they're thinking of purchasing the good-will of an abattoir for one week and enticing that man in on Monday to inspect the works. They duly reached Lachute and prepared for the perilous task of hooking the crown jewels of royal trout. The big man arrayed himself in the panoply of his forefathers, a costume that showed off admirably his massive frame, and, at the same time, embodied a charming naivete and freedom while keeping his pants out of the grass. The special advantage of this costume is that it affords ample opportunities for flies and other transient visitors to find out all needful information without distracting the attention of the fisherman from his sport by asking troublesome questions. The wearer of it had never, I believe, been trout-fishing before, but he knew all about the poles and net. The landing-net he carried, as will be noticed, differed slightly from the ordinary pattern, but he declared he had caught many a good one in it and so took it along, also a 44-calibre Smith and Wesson revolver, in case any of the larger trout chanced to surprise him while penetrating the jungle, and when the word "treck" was passed he appeared as portrayed. The regalia of the other was the usual costume of a Canadian gentleman on a small salary—quietly unobtrusive, a blending of the sporting and the picturesque, like a life sorrow chastened by adversity and sweetened by time till it merely hung about one like a memory of other days. The general appearance was restful and resigned as becomes a meek disciple of the gentle art.



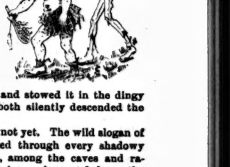
It will be noticed that his rod is of the highest type—it was loaned by a friend, and was purchased by his father some thirty-five years ago, exclusive of leap years, and naturally was a little stiff in the joints. The Scot decided to cut a rod for himself in the woods. He did it pretty thoroughly at the time and since has cut the rod altogether.

In order to reach the "corrie" or trout "burn," a drive from Lachute of some 87 miles was necessary, mostly straight up, until the Lor-wrenchin mountains were reached. Seeing that the "burn" was so far distant the sun very kindly furnished enough to last all the outward journey free of charge, the temperature ranging to 106 fryin-heat at will through the country.

Finally the stream was reached and they proceeded to hunt for "spoor" of the game. The Scot, whose caber-tossing ancestry had bequeathed to him a liking for that amusement, now sought a rod, but ere going a yard he found one fit to hold anything, trout or perch, and speedily hewed down a stately maple and trimmed it to the required dimensions. To this he affixed a bell cord, borrowed from the Canadian Pacific Railway stores, and baiting up with a copy of a tempting "fly" lately issued by that company, he whirled his maple tree and cast it with a mighty chug into the swirling pool.

Very soon two huge trout, tempted by the extremely low rates offered on the "fly," had bitten and were struggling fiercely for a choice of sections, and threatening every moment to come ashore and attack the representative of the company. He clung to the rod and breathlessly tried to explain that the "fly" was only intended to catch another variety of fish, but the trout merely replied "You can't play us for suckers," and continued their battle with unabated determination. It was a terrible and thrilling fray. The men stood transfixed watching the swirling struggle in mute amaze; they could hear the heavy breaking of the maddened trout high above the roar of the falls and the white spray dashed in their faces as the mighty tails lashed the torrent with furious blows. But the desperate melee was too madly fought to last; suddenly the fly parted in two fragments—the rates quoted were too severely cut to stand the strain, and like a flash, each fish disappeared bearing his portion of the prize to digest at his leisure and possibly to finally lose the advantage thus hardly gained in some pool.

The Scot's tackle was lost, of course, and he could fish no more, but his comrade went on and presently was fast to a good one. The son of Scotia grabbed his novel landing-net and dropping his own broken tackle got between the poles and stopped several hot shots by the fish on the goal in the rapids down stream. In all likelihood he had seen lacrosse played by Canadians abroad, for he certainly handled the stick like a veteran. After a hard fight, he managed to get the net well under the fish, and with a sudden powerful swing sent the prize flashing high in the air, greeting his success with a true Hielanman's piercing slogan. 'Twas a short-lived triumph. The mighty impetus given to the fish carried it like a flash to the end of the tether. There was a whiz of the reel, a sudden snap, and trout, line and all went sailing magnificently through blue space until lost to view behind the towering mountains. The Scot's aptitude for Canada's national game was too pronounced—he had lost everything by over zeal, and robbed of the expected triumph meekly to the cross he clung with naught left for him to do. The sport was done. Slowly and sadly the Canuck took his rod apart and stowed it in the dingy canvas case, then both silently descended the steep.



But the end was not yet. The wild slogan of triumph had echoed through every shadowy aisle of the forest, among the caves and ravines of the mountains, and up and down the foaming torrent, bearing to every mosquito, and fly, and miserable bug within a radius of ten miles, the glad tidings, "A chiel's amang ye takin' troots." Like a winged avalanche they poured down to see if, perchance, he might be in national costume, and when they saw him a thunderous hum of welcome announced they had come to stay. *Tempus fugit* and the "tempestuous" journey across the five hundred acres of potter's field that divided them from the rig, will never be forgotten—let the artist's hand convey the meaning.

Next day they tried to report for duty, and take up the burden of life again, but the sanitary inspector ordered the Scot off the premises until he had passed a competitive examination in incipient smallpox, and when the Canuck entered the office, his chief remarked curtly, "Don't bother me to day, begging—there's ten cents, and as you go out, ask one of the clerks if he has seen anything this morning of

ED. W. SANDYS."

Vinogenesis.

In this choice old Tokai—'tis the richest and rarest—
I drink to the dead who have vanished from sight;
The men who were bravest, the woman the fairest,
Who died and have left me so lonely to-night.

There is frost on my beard; in my heart there is chilliness;
My frame has the weakness of threescore and ten;
But here in the solitude, calmness and stillness
The love of my youth comes before me again.

The eyes of deep azure, the broad, rippling tresses
With bright, liquid sunshine exhale my head;
The curved, mobile mouth her emotion expresses;
The zephyr no softer than sound of her tread.

Who says she is dead, that the weeds and the briers
Have hidden her grave in the churchyard afar?
Such as she are immortal. Be silent, ye liars!
Can death slay the light or the air or a star?

Dead? No! She is living and loving and tender;
New-born from the mists of the earlier years;
Grace, beauty and virtue strengthen and defend her,
And the rapture I feel finds expression in tears.

We ramble again 'mid the oaks and the beeches;
We pluck from the branches the sweet plaxter flowers;
We again interchange the same sweet, silly speeches,
And wonder why time has been stealing the hours.

Now we sit side by side in the fast growing twilight,
Not caring the sun from the world may depart;
No darkness appalls, for we see by the eyelight,
And bright to true lovers are eyes of the heart.

Our love is our riches, our splendor, our glory;
We dwell in a palace with joy for a guest;
What care we for those who are famous in story?
What care we who serves, or who reigns o'er the rest?

Ah, darling! one kiss as of old ere we parted!
She smiles on me kindly, and fades from my eye,
A dream and delusion. I sit here sad-hearted,
With nothing to cheer but this choice old Tokai.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

"Say Summat, Rubbert."

Our little village lies quite out of the way, enhoomed in ancient elms and apple orchards, and surrounded by wide green meadows and sheltering woods. A trout stream ripples among them, and the lane leading to the plank bridge near the village has been such a favorite trysting place for many generations as to have gained the name of the Lover's Walk." On a Sunday, you might often find a shy pair sitting on the railing, happy—but scarcely with nothing to say to each other. Indeed, the following remarks were overheard uttered by one such couple:

Said she to him, "Say summat, Rubbert."

"Ain't got nawt to say," was Robert's slow reply.

"Say thee lovest me," suggests the girl.

"Ar telt thee that afore."

"Well, kiss me, Rubbert."

"Ar will, present-lie," is Robert's response, who evidently wasone to take everything in due order, without hurry or excitement.

An Echo From the Crossroads Clarion.

The editor, waxing eloquent in the description of a new organ, says: "The swell died away in delicious suffocation, like one singing a sweet song under the bed-clothes.

Lord Elwyn's Daughter

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER X.

There is no scene so thoroughly characteristic of England, so impossible to be seen in any other country in the world, and therefore so absolutely and essentially English in its aspect, as a meet of the foxhounds in a hunting county.

The wintry background of wood and hill, the soft gray of the skies, the tame landscape melting into tender mistiness in the distance—these make up an effective setting to the scarlet coats, the sleek and shining sides of chestnut, bay, or brown, and the dapple backs and quarters of the eager and expectant hounds.

Then there are the happy faces of men and women flushed with the brisk ride through the morning air—all intent upon the sport and full of suppressed anticipations—the greetings interchanged, the champing of bits and the pawing feet of horses, and the sharp sound of the horn echoing clearly and sweetly over hill and dale.

Thus it was at the cross roads by Talford Woods on the morning of the day when Kathleen Elwyn went out hunting for the first time in her life. She had been looking forward to this day for months past with the keenest anticipation, and she was in the highest and happiest of spirits.

Mounted on an absolutely perfect lady's hunter of exquisite shape and faultless manners—for Lord Elwyn had been too knowing a sportsman in his youth not to understand how to set about getting good animals for his daughter—she experienced for the first time in her life that exultation of physical delight which to be well mounted affords to every keen lover of the noble sport which is said to be fit for kings.

Some people learn how to ride with pains and practice, and ride very creditably in the end; others never seem to learn at all, but ride by nature, because it is hinted and born in them. Of the former was Lucille Maitland; of the latter, Kathleen Elwyn.

Miss Maitland wore nicely-made habits and hats which attracted general attention, as did her lovely statuesque features and gold-glinting hair. She sat gracefully upon her horse, and was dexterous in so managing her reins as to cause her animal to curvet and prance and sidle in a fashion that exhibited the contour of her beautiful figure to the best advantage. As to Kathleen, nobody would perhaps notice the fit of her habit, although there was no fault to be found with it. She made no particular show, and studied no effect; but she sat in her saddle as if she was perfectly at home there, and she and her horse were one, and of the same mind in every movement.

She had no fear—not because she was foolhardy or ignorant, but because, with such a seat and hands, and with instincts of horsemanship so perfect as hers, no sense of nervousness had ever been possible to her. At the bottom of her heart Lucille was a coward on a horse. She could ride well and boldly because she was accustomed to her; but she was not fond of strange horses. It would therefore have been far wiser had she declined to go out on this particular morning when, at breakfast-time, Crewe sent a message into the house to say that Miss Maitland's mare had strained her fetlock slightly in the stable during the night, and was unfit to go out.

"Oh, I hope you will ride my other horse!" cried Kathleen, generously. "I'd have him, Lucille!"—the girls called each other by their Christian names now.

"You had better not, counselled Adrian. "You have never tried him—you might not be able to ride him properly;" and this advice angered Lucille horribly.

"And why cannot I ride a strange horse as well as Kathleen, pray!" she retorted haughtily; and then she told herself that he only wanted her to stay at home so as to go out alone with Kathleen, and jealousy added to pride made her accept the loan of the horse with alacrity.

But the somewhat hot-tempered chestnut horse Sunbeam, on which she was mounted, was in no way accustomed to such little vagaries of handling as Lucille was wont to indulge in. He looked very handsome certainly, and so did his rider, as he sidled and turned and twisted, half rearing up now and again as she jerked at the curb and snorting impatiently under her hands. He was a horse not without a suspicion of a temper, and Kathleen could not avoid giving her a word of caution as they waited at the covert side.

"Don't you think," she said quite gently and kindly, "that you would get on better with him if you did pull his mouth quite so much about? It would be better, I think, to keep him quiet till we start; he seems very much fretted."

"Don't you think," replied Lucille haughtily, Adrian having trotted off to speak to an acquaintance, "that, if you were to confine your attention to your own horse and leave me to manage mine, it would be as well? Considering that I have hunted twice as often and you have never been out before, I imagine that I know rather more about it than you do. Be quite sure you don't fall off yourself at the first fence before you presume to give you' uncalled-for instructions to me.

"I beg your pardon," said Kathleen quietly, and spoke no more to her.

At that moment an old gentleman on a fine iron gray horse rode up to Kathleen and raised his hat to her. This was no less a personage than the Duke of Cawthorn, for whom the master and field had been waiting for the last ten minutes. The Duke was a nobleman who, wherever he went, commanded the utmost respect and consideration; an old Crimean hero, he had figured conspicuously in the Balaclava Charge, and had been wounded at the battle of the Alma. When the Duke signified his intention of hunting, so great were the respect and the esteem with which he was regarded that it was the custom to await his arrival before starting the hounds on their work, as if he had been royalty. He was a very old gentleman, over seventy-five, and yet he was as upright as a dart and as fearless and keen a sportsman as he had been thirty. When he trotted up to the cross-roads, followed by his groom, he looked about him rapidly, and said to the master, Major De la Braille:

"Is Lord Elwyn out to-day?"

"No, Duke; he has the gout badly. I am sorry to hear. But his daughter is here."

"Ah, that is what I wanted to know! I want to welcome my old friend's daughter amongst us. Give me a moment, pray, that I may speak to her;" and then the old gentleman rode straight up to Kathleen.

"Miss Elwyn, you must allow an old friend of your father's and your grandfather's to introduce himself to you. I am delighted that he is not out himself to make us known to each other. I am very glad to see you amongst us at last, and hope you will have a good run over your first ride with the North Chalkshire;" and then he shook hands with her.

Everybody heard this little speech, because the Duke spoke purposely rather loudly; and after he had spoken everybody knew for certain that there could be no doubt whatever as to the position which this hitherto unknown girl was to take amongst them. There had been rumors about her—as to whether she was indeed Lord Elwyn's daughter—as to whether she should be received as such, or looked askance at as one whose origin was shrouded in mystery, an idea that had been much fostered by hints and innuendos from her own step-mother; but, after that speech from the Duke of Cawthorn and the public recognition of her which it implied, nobody had any doubts at all about how she was to be regarded. If so old a friend of her father's and so important a person as the Duke took her by the hand and welcomed her thus cordially, there could be nothing more said or her discredit, and all those stories about the "barmaid" who was her mother, and who might or might not have been Lord Elwyn's wife, would certainly be nothing at all but scandalous libels.

After that a great many persons crowded up to her and claimed her acquaintance, and, in the midst of the little confusion that followed, the master gave the signal, and the hounds were drawn off in the direction of the covert.

It was at that moment that Kathleen, a little flushed and flattered by the unexpected manner in which she had been called into notice, suddenly caught sight of a face on the far edge of the crowd which sent the pretty bright color hurrying away from her cheeks, leaving them pale and gray as the winter landscape about her—a face shaded by rough, dark locks, a heavy, lowering brow, a coarse, massive jaw, and sombre eyes with a sullen fire in them fixed upon herself.

The sight of him caused her to turn faint and cold. By what horrible fatality was it that Tom Darley, so long lost sight of and well-nigh forgotten, should turn up again upon the very first day of her return to her father's house?

"What a scarecrow you are having already, little Kathleen!" said a voice by her side. "Everybody is wanting to know you! Our great man, the Duke, has singled you out for special notice; the ladies are mad with envy of you; the men are wild to know you! Why, even that glum-looking young farmer over there seems unable to take his eyes from you!"

Adrian was startled by the ashen pale face which she turned upon him.

"For pity's sake, do not stop by me!" she said, in a frightened whisper. "Go away—do not speak to me!"

"Why, what is the matter? Why are you so pale!" he asked in surprise.

She colored hotly, feeling how strangely her agitation must strike him, and realizing how impossible any explanation was to her. For how could she say to Sir Adrian Deverell, "Your speaking to me arouses the jealousy of that farmer yonder, who loves me, and, for fear of saying that, in her despair she said something else.

"If you talk to me like that, Lucille will not like it."

"Lucille! What does it matter what she likes! She cannot expect me to speak to no other woman on earth but herself!"

"Oh, do go!" she murmured confusedly.

They were cantering up the narrow lane together. He drew his horse back with a sudden air of offence and fell back from her side.

A pang shot through poor Kathleen's heart. How happy his kind playful words would have made her but for that lowering face that was watching them both. "Now I have offended him!" she said to herself miserably; and by the pain which she felt at the thought she realized that she was as much in love with Miss Maitland's handsome lover as ever. "He will not speak to me again all day," she thought sadly. "Yet better that by far than that Tom Darley should imagine him to be in any way too attentive to me!"—and she shuddered a little as the past came back to her memory.

By this time the whole field were grouped along the covert-side and the hounds were drawing silently and swiftly through the wood. There were a few moments of anxious suspense. Kathleen looked about for the disturber of her happiness, but he was no longer near her; there was a considerable crowd of riders, and she could not see him anywhere. The only acquaintance she could see was Colonel Elwyn, who was smiling and bowing to her from across a dozen riders who were grouped between them—he was evidently trying to make his way towards her; but before he could do so a sudden commotion arose, there was a murmur of canine throats deepening into a continuous bay, and then a loud cry from the farther side of the copse, "Gone away! Gone awa-a-ay!"

A large fox broke through a gap in the fence, and the whole pack of hounds streamed out into the open in full cry after him across a wide grass field to the right. Away then rushed the crowd of riders down the slope of the hill, most of them making for the open gateway, where a block of horses soon made others go for the fence itself, a low struggling hedge full of sapling saplings, forgetting all her fears and anxieties, urged her horse forward with the rest. She heard Sir Adrian call back to her, "This way—follow me! Don't go for the gate, or you will get a place!"—and she followed his lead blindly, and had soon taken her first fence in North Chalkshire in a fashion which gave her no anxiety as to her own or her horse's capability for getting safely across the country before her.

Prince, the horse on which she was mounted, was a splendid hunter, and was, moreover, a very fast goer. Soon Kathleen, somewhat to her own surprise and much to her delight, found herself far ahead of the majority of those who had started upon the run. Prince sailed rapidly and easily with great long strides across the grass fields. His mistress was swung over the fences as though she had been a feather chair, the keen air fanned her cheeks into roses, the delight of the sport made her heart beat joyously. She was soon aware of some forward with the rest. She heard Sir Adrian call back to her, "This way—follow me! Don't go for the gate, or you will get a place!"—and she followed his lead blindly, and had soon taken her first fence in North Chalkshire in a fashion which gave her no anxiety as to her own or her horse's capability for getting safely across the country before her.

Prince, the horse on which she was mounted, was a splendid hunter, and was, moreover, a very fast goer. Soon Kathleen, somewhat to her own surprise and much to her delight, found herself far ahead of the majority of those who had started upon the run. Prince sailed rapidly and easily with great long strides across the grass fields. His mistress was swung over the fences as though she had been a feather chair, the keen air fanned her cheeks into roses, the delight of the sport made her heart beat joyously. She was soon aware of some forward with the rest. She heard Sir Adrian call back to her, "This way—follow me! Don't go for the gate, or you will get a place!"—and she followed his lead blindly, and had soon taken her first fence in North Chalkshire in a fashion which gave her no anxiety as to her own or her horse's capability for getting safely across the country before her.

Prince, the horse on which she was mounted, was a splendid hunter, and was, moreover, a very fast goer. Soon Kathleen, somewhat to her own surprise and much to her delight, found herself far ahead of the majority of those who had started upon the run. Prince sailed rapidly and easily with great long strides across the grass fields. His mistress was swung over the fences as though she had been a feather chair, the keen air fanned her cheeks into roses, the delight of the sport made her heart beat joyously. She was soon aware of some

horse, tossing his head angrily from side to side and pulling madly at his rider, shot past them both with great violence. Sunbeam was nearly beyond Lucille's control, and it was evident that he was pulling tremendously.

"Hold hard, Miss Maitland—take a good pull at him, and go round by the gates at the bottom!" called out Colonel Elwyn as she flew by.

"Stop him, miss—you'll never get him over like that!" shouted the farmer too. "Take him down to the gate!"

There was a moment when Lucille could have followed the advice of both men. By one strong pull to the right she could have turned her and followed the more prudent course of going round by the gate, and, as she was by this time in a state of abject terror, she certainly would have done so sooner than go over that particular fence—but for one thing. A moment before she had seen her rival sail over it easily and gaily, and she had heard the far-away applause of the Duke's "Bravo!"

Maddened by jealousy and envy, her common sense utterly forsook her. To think that Kathleen could get over that fence and she be ignominiously left behind to go round a quarter of a mile through a gate, and that under the very eyes of her lover, was a thing to which her proud and haughty spirit could not submit. She struck her animal violently, almost savagely, over the head. Sunbeam, who was a hot-tempered horse at the best, and who had been tried past bearing ever since he had left the stable by the constant irritation of her fretting hands, sprang forward, blind with rage and anger, and Lucille lost all control over him.

There was a crash and a cry, a stumble forward into the muddy ditch, and then the chestnut picked himself up and trotted off, ears flattened on riderless and head down, dragging Lucille, whose habit had got hung up on the stirrup, upon the ground behind him.

Then it was that, fortunately for her, Kathleen turned round and saw her. Without a moment's hesitation, she wrenched her horse suddenly to one side, and, cutting across Sunbeam's headlong course, managed dexterously to catch at the flying bridle and to stop him. Sunbeam, snorting, panting, trembling in every limb, was jerked back almost on to his haunches, and, her habit thus becoming freed from the stirrup, Lucille rolled away from him and lay huddled up upon the grass.

"Are you hurt, Lucille? Great heavens, are you hurt?" cried Kathleen, as soon as she could speak.

Miss Maitland raised herself slowly into a sitting position and looked about her. She was covered with mud from head to foot, her hat was battered in, and her face was scratched and dirty; but fortunately the ground was soft, and her hat had saved her head—a, in the perilousness of her position had lasted so short a time, thanks to Kathleen's prompt and ready action, that, although bumped and bruised, she had not been seriously injured. She was very much shaken and dreadfully frightened; but she was, almost miraculously, otherwise quite unhurt. Sir Adrian Deverell was already by her side, and yet his first words were addressed not to her, but to Kathleen.

"You have saved her life! That was spleendidly done! Are you hurt, Lucille!"—and he proceeded to pour through her lips some whisky out of his silver flask.

The spirit revived her. With his help, she struggled to her feet.

"I—I don't believe I've broken anything," she faltered. "Please, Adrian, take me home at once—I feel dreadfully shaken! Not on that brute"—looking at the chestnut with a shudder—"I cannot go up on you."

Adrian proceeded to shift the saddles. Col. Elwyn and Tom Darley, who had also arrived on the scene, both helped; and then Adrian assisted his lady-love to a seat upon the edge of a small stream hard by, and dipped her handkerchief in the water for her to wash the stains from her face. But never one word of thanks or acknowledgment did she utter to the girl whose pluck and readiness had undoubtedly saved her life and her limbs.

"There is nothing more to be done," said Sir Adrian to the other persons who had figured in the little scene which might have ended so tragically. "Miss Maitland is very happy to say, quite unhurt; she is only shaken, and, when she had rested a little, I will take her home quietly. There is no occasion for anybody to stay. It is a pity you should lose the finish, Miss Elwyn. Colonel Elwyn will doubtless look after you. I am very much obliged to you all." He spoke coldly and haughtily, and his face was pale and almost angry. He was bitterly ashamed of the woman to whom he was bound. Her ingratitude was revolting to him; he could not meet Kathleen's eyes.

"Very well then, we had better get on," said the Colonel, who was quite pleased. "If you are quite sure you don't want us, Deverell. Come along, Miss Elwyn—we shall catch up the hounds yet, if we look sharp about it!"—and away her gallant knight and the disappointed Tom Darley following after them as closely as he could.

After all, Kathleen was in at the finish, and stood breathless and rosy and smiling, between Colonel Elwyn and the Duke of Cawthorn, whilst Major De Braille pressed her with the brush, as being the only lady who was in at the death. And not only that, but the story of the gallant way in which she had stopped Lucille Maitland's horse, and thus saved her damsel's life, flew like wildfire from mouth to mouth; so that altogether Kathleen became quite a heroine that day.

She rode home with Colonel Elwyn, feeling thankful that Tom Darley, beyond respectfully raising his cap to her from the distance, had not ventured to address her. As to the Colonel, the passing fancy of two years before was decidedly quickened by the events of the day, and he looked upon her with an admiration which increased at every moment.

"He is very kind—much nicer than I thought he would be," thought the girl. "I don't believe he ever really wanted to marry me; it was only Lady Elwyn's fancy." And so, in spite of the Mephistophelean appearance of the Colonel, Kathleen, found herself chatting gaily and pleasantly to him, whilst he on his side did his very utmost to make himself agreeable to her; altogether, she enjoyed the day's ride home with her father's cousin as much as any other part of that eventful day.

Would she have been so happy if she had known that all the way home, slinking and dodging behind trees and bends of the road and keeping carefully out of sight, Tom Darley followed them both with a tempest of jealousy and the fury of Cain in his angry heart?

(To be Continued.)

Dispersing a Tramp.

I was eating dinner at a farm house in Indiana when one of the children came in and announced that a highway tramp had called at the kitchen door and asked for bite to eat. The farmer was a very short, very fat and very baldheaded man, and he was postmaster at the village of Towser, the county town of the county. He had a son called James, another called Moses, and a hired man who was addressed as Towser. He sent out word for the tramp to sit down and rest, and as a laugh went round the table he explained.

"The dinner hour shall be pleased to show you how we encourage tramps in this section. This is evidently a new man to this part of the State, or he would never have called here."

After dinner we went out. The tramp was sitting under a cherry tree, looking as comfortable as you please, and evidently unsuspicious that anything except dinner was in store for him. He looked to me like a bad man to fool with, but the farmer didn't seem to read him that way.

"Now, then," he said, as he rubbed his fat hands together, "you will stand up."

"Is that fun?" asked the tramp.

"To be kicked! I am going to boot you from this spot down to that silvered telephone pole."

"But I object."

"Can't help that. As a fourth-class postmaster of the United States of America I command you to arise."

"If I am kicked somebody else will get hurt!" cautioned the tramp as he got up.

"As one of the justices of the peace in and for this county I command you to disperse," said the farmer as he turned the tramp toward the gate and administered a kick.

Next instant he received a left-hander on the nose which knocked him into a confused heap on the grass, and the tramp got out of his old coat and prepared for business.

"Towser, pulverize him!" shouted the farmer as he struggled to his knees. "In the name of the United States I command you to knock him down!"

Towser advanced, his big fists doubled up, but the tramp danced to the right and the left, and then met him in one on the hired man's commissary department which doubled him up, and laid him among the hollyhocks.

"James, Moses, make him prisoner!" yelled the old man as he plucked a handful of grass, and held it to his bleeding nose.

The tramp chuckled. There was fun ahead. The two boys were strapping young fellows, strong enough to knock down an ox, and they were willing to go in. As they stripped off the tramp backed up between two currant bushes, where they could not flank him, and as they advanced upon him he grinned all over. He played with them for a minute or two, and then drew a long breath, made three or four feints, and piled them on the grass together. Neither moved to get up for full two minutes. Meanwhile the tramp rested and looked over to me and queried:

"You ain't one of the crowd?"

"No."

"And don't want me to disperse?"

"Not particularly."

"All right. I don't think the United States and his gang want anything more of me just now, and as I have an engagement down the road, I'll move on. When they get washed up and the bandages on, tell 'em I used to scrap with the boys in Chicago in days gone by, and that I held myself in and let 'em off very mild. Good-by, stranger. Ta, ta, old fairy!"

And he had been gone ten minutes before the postmaster came over to me and whispered:

"Did you ever?"—*New York Sun.*

A Natural Inference.

Small Boy—Papa, won't you take me to the circus?
Strict Father—No, my son; the circus is the abiding place of Satan.
Small Boy—Say, papa, he knows a good thing when he sees it, don't he

—Scribner's Magazine.

Easily Distinguished

Mrs. Grasswidowe—Why do those men stare at me, Mrs. Goodeform? Am I very conspicuous?

Mrs. Goodeform—No; but you husband is by his absence.

Saying Things Pleasantly.

Some people are perpetually giving offence in the most unconscious way.

"Now, do let me propose you as a member of the club," said a friend.

"But suppose they blackball me?" replies Brown.

"Pooh! Absurd! Why, my dear fellow, there's not a man in the club who knows you, even!"

A lady, very desirous of concealing the awful fact that she is the same age as her husband, observed to a visitor:

"My husband is forty; there are just five years between us."

"Is it possible?" was the unguarded reply of her friend. "I give you my word, you look as young as he does."

As unexpected must have been the reply of the husband whose wife said:

"You have never taken me to the cemetery."

"No, dear," he answered, "that is a pleasure I have yet in anticipation!"

It is related of a portrait painter that, having received a letter from a lady, a critic who had just dropped in to see what was going on in the studio, exclaimed:

"Oh, I've very nicely pained; but why do you take such an ugly model?"

"It is my mother!" calmly replied the artist.

"Oh, pardon, a thousand times!" from the critic, in great confusion. "I ought to have perceived it. She resembles you completely!"

On a similar occasion, a facetious friend, inspecting a portrait, said to the artist:

"And this is Tom Smith, is it? Dear, dear! And I remember him, such a handsome, jolly-looking chap as he was. Dear, dear!"

Englishmen are proverbially thick-skinned, and not being especially sensitive to criticisms of others, they have no hesitation in freely speaking their mind. A well-known American had a favorite anecdote of an English guest at his breakfast table, who declined sugar with his coffee.

"Never take sugar unless the coffee is very bad, ev'y bad indeed, you know!"

Presently, he added, after tasting the coffee—

"May I trouble you for the sugar?

This story may, however, be well flanked by a similar one, for which a New Yorker is responsible.

He was breakfasting with his wife, at the house of a friend, and, to the surprise of his hostess, declined coffee.

"I thought you always took it?" said she.

"Oh, I do at home," he returned, jocosely; "but that's because my wife gives me so little to eat. When there isn't much for breakfast, I take coffee in self-defence."

The conversation drifted into some interesting channel, and he quite forgot his facetious excuse. Later, when the aroma of the coffee struck him more and more temptingly, he turned to his hostess, saying:

"Mrs. A——, would you allow me to change my mind? I should very much like a cup of coffee."

And as he pathetically complains, not one of the people present seemed to his forgetting that ill-judged request.

Could Stand It.

Wife (of Chicago newspaper man, to husband—Come, get up, I want you to go to church with me to-day.

Husband (greatly surprised)—To church!

"Yes."

"What for?"

"Why this is the centennial."

"All right, (resignedly) I'll go. I guess I can stand it once in a hundred years."

Servile Frankness.

The Butler—Beggin' your pardon, it's shplendid you look th's mornin', Miss Helen.

Miss Helen—Some day, Michael, but I haven't a dime in change with me.

The Butler—Shure, ma'am, I didn't ixpict more than a nickel for that.

HE MARCHED WITH SHERMAN TO THE SEA!

Trudged all the way on foot, over mountain and through morass, carrying knapsack and gun, slept on brush heaps to keep out of the mud, caught cold, from the effects of which his friends thought he would never recover. Lingering with slow consumption for many years, he saw Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery advertised in a country newspaper, and he determined to try it. A few bottles worked a change; six months' continued use cured him. Always too independent to ask his country for a pension, he now says he needs none. He helped save his country, he saved himself! Consumption is Lung-scrofula. For scrofula, in all its myriad forms, the "Discovery" is an unequalled remedy. It cleanses the system of all blood-taints from whatever cause arising, and cures all Skin and Scalp Diseases, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, and kindred ailments. It is guaranteed to benefit or cure in all diseases for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be refunded. Sold by druggists.

Copyright, 1888, by WORLD'S DIS. MED. ASS'N.

DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY cures the worst cases, no matter of how long standing. 50 cents, by druggists.

MANTEL FOLDING BEDS
SUITABLE FOR
Small Rooms, Parlors, Bedding Rooms and Offices.
OPENED. CLOSED
It may be draped to suit any style of apartment in which it is placed, and made as ornamental or ordinary as its furniture.
H. P. DAVIES & CO., 22 Church Street.

PROF. & MME. HOUSEMAN
(LATE OF WASHINGTON)
Chiropodist and Manicure
228 YONGE STREET
Bunions, Narrowing Nails, Corns, etc., successfully treated. Skilful and superior treatment at moderate charges.

J. W. Cheeseworth
MERCHANT TAILOR
106 King St. West

SPECIAL LINE OF
SCOTCH AND IRISH SUITINGS
Just opened this week. Suitable for present wear.

J. YOUNG
THE LEADING UNDERTAKER
347 Yonge Street, Toronto.
TELEPHONE 679.

CRUEL KINDRED.

By the Author of "A Piece of Patchwork," "Somebody's Daughter," "The House in the Close," "Snared," "The Mystery of White Towers," "Madam's Ward," etc.

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

Angel, promptly obedient to that voice as usual, left the room. Duke, quietly attentive until now, had started at his brother's "Yes," and walked away. Adela stood at the window, turning pale and red, nervously wondering whether to go or stay, feeling so sure that there would be a scene, for Lady Oldcastle's face was threatening as she looked at her son.

"Guy, is this true?" she asked hoarsely.

"Perfectly true, mother; you heard me say so."

"In spite of my express wish," said Lady Oldcastle, "you have defied me—you have taken it upon yourself to do this!"

"I have done what I felt obliged to do: you left me no choice, mother—you know it. I stated to you plainly what my course of action would be."

He spoke quietly, governing himself well; but Adela, looking away across the sunny flower-beds with crimson checks and a tingling sensation of hot tears in her eyes, knew, without looking round, what an expression of pain there was about his stern lips—what deep lines there were over his black brows; she knew so well what his face was like in trouble.

"I am sorry that the news chanced to reach you in this way, mother," Sir Guy resumed, after a momentary pause; "I had not intended it. I should have told you myself when I had an opportunity of seeing you alone. Let me remind you that we are not alone now."

Lady Oldcastle paid no heed; perhaps she did not even hear.

"Against my express wish," she repeated—"nay, my command—you have done this! You are my most respectful, my most dutiful son tru?!"

A smile, half sad, half grim, crossed Guy's face.

"I am too old to be commanded, mother; I comply with your wishes when I can. I did not set myself against you willingly. It is no pleasure to me to assert myself as master here; it gives me little or none to be so."

Lady Oldcastle had been moving slowly towards the door. She looked round over her shoulder with a curling lip.

"With all my heart," she said slowly and deliberately, "I would you were not so! I would give half—ay, all—of the life that is before me to have your brother stand in your place!"

"Once more, mother," observed Sir Guy sternly and with an unmoved face, "let me remind you that we are not alone."

If she heard, she still gave no heed, but without another word or look passed out of the room.

Adela started forward impulsively, forgetful of or indifferent to her tearful eyes just then.

"Oh, Sir Guy," she cried, "I am so sorry—indeed I am! I would have got out of the room if I could. I am so very, very sorry that I heard!"

"Don't be that," Guy returned quietly, in his grave dry way. "It is nothing new to me, and I don't think it can have surprised you much. I too am sorry that you chanced to hear, if it distresses you. Otherwise it matters very little; don't be troubled about it."

"Oh, I can't help being!" cried Adela, with a stamp of the foot which was as energetic as her voice. "It—it has put me into a temper half a dozen times!"

She was too excited and angry to notice how this confirmed what he had just said; but he observed it quickly, and a smile broke over the sombre face which was brighter than any she had ever seen there, and he made a swift movement towards her, but as swiftly checked it.

"Has it?" he said. "I ought to thank you for that, I suppose. Never mind it now; as you said a little while ago, we need not speak of it any more."

"But," she returned wistfully, with her sweet, tearful eyes fixed upon the dark, strong face, "I do so wish I understood!"

"I have wished it for twenty years," Guy rejoined quietly.

. . . . . .

Of all the long, dragging hours that Lady Adela Nugent ever remembered, it seemed to her that those of that magnificent July morning were the weariest and dreariest.

She wandered from one room to another—always carefully avoiding the library, where Lady Oldcastle was writing letters—indoors and out, upstairs and down, and could rest and amuse herself nowhere. But for one thing she would have dashed off an impulsive letter to her mother, declaring that she wanted to go home. Once she did quite seriously decide upon it and begin; but before the first three lines were written she tore up the note and threw the fragments away.

There was no one but Pinkum to speak to; for the girl would sooner have held her tongue for a week than go and talk to Lady Oldcastle. Angel was doing penance shut up in the nursery. Duke had not been visible since the beginning of the scene which had made her so uncomfortable and angry, and Sir Guy had said at breakfast that he meant to walk over to Wildeross on business. So Adela had nothing to do but to roam about by herself.

By the time mid-day came it seemed to her that it ought to be midnight at the very least. She roused herself resolutely from her doleful contemplation of a bowl of gold fish in the conservatory, where she happened to be at that moment, and went determinedly indoors and up to her room. She would get her hat and sunshade, go down to the beach by herself, and amuse herself by unravelling the mystery of The Woman in White instead of indulging in unprofitable blues any longer.

"Pinkum," she said, "I have got some biscuits in my pocket, and I shall not come back to luncheon unless I feel like it. Mind you tell Lady Oldcastle where I am, because I am nearly certain not to be back until I have finished my book at any rate, and I don't want any one to be in a fever about me. She went out, and then peeped in at the door again. "Pinkum, you don't happen to know, do you, where Mr. Oldcastle is?"

Pinkum was nearly certain that she had heard one of the maids down-stairs say just now that she thought Mr. Duke had ridden out by himself. This vague and unsatisfactory piece of information being all that was obtainable, Adela was fain to be contented with it, and so she and the Woman in White went down to the beach together.

It was almost deserted at that hour, and when the girl had established herself in a snug little nook at the foot of the cliffs, there were not perhaps half a dozen figures within sight as far along the shore as her eyes could reach. Out on the bright waters, at some distance, a boat was visible, which she knew was John Trobus', looking in the sunshine like a fairy vessel. The scene was very peaceful and lovely, with all its gorgeous glow and glitter, and, had she come there bookless she might have yielded to mancholy musing again. As it was she found the charms of The Woman in White much more seductive than those of the scenery.

She was absorbed in scrambling out of her bedroom window and cautiously taking an airy promenade on the roof of the veranda with Miss Halcombe, when some one who had been leisurely approaching her retreat in the cautious and sizzag fashion which the nature of the beach rendered necessary stopped so close to her that a shadow fell upon the page.

Adela looked up with a start that was almost accompanied by a cry. Was it Count Fosco? No—only Duke.

He had been a little doubtful about his reception, although he was not there without a plain excuse, and although he had followed her with a firm determination to put his fate to the touch then and there and get it over. He was not exactly doubtful about his reception, for he was naturally a little nervous. He was not for the moment rendered less so by Adela's look. She recognized him with an unmistakable pleasure.

"I am afraid I have disturbed you," he said.

"Perfectly obvious." With the pretty, coolly impertinent manner and tone to which she so often treated him, she shut her book, keeping the place with her finger without any attempt to disguise the fact. "I was not aware that you knew where I was. You must be gifted with second sight."

"Not exactly I asked your maid."

"That goose of a Pinkum!"

Duke wondered privately if Pinkum was regarded as a goose for having told him.

"Was I wanted then?" asked Adela languidly.

"Not exactly wanted; I did not come to disturb you. My mother has had a letter from Lady Nugent, and, as there was one for you too, I thought you would like to have it as soon as possible.

"And so you really came all through the broiling sun to bring it to me? I'm awfully obliged of course; but surely it would have keps for a little while. Mamma's letters are not usually so amazingly urgent." She had risen now, in her little quick way, still keeping a tight hold upon the Woman in White, and thinking a good deal more about Miss Halcombe on the veranda-roof than about Marmaduke Oldcastle on the sands beside her. "Give it to me, please."

Duke obeyed. It was a daintily monogramed envelope, directed in a hand all points and long tails. Adela sighed, and looked at it dubiously with her head on one side.

"I don't think I've energy enough to attack it just now," she said. "Long letters, particularly when crossed, are detestable things. This is a long one—two sheets at least—and mamma's letter's are invariably crossed; it is a weakness of hers. Didn't you say that Lady Oldcastle had had one too? Tell me what there is in that, if you know, and I'll postpone this until I get home again."

Duke did know perfectly well—Indeed, his knowledge of the contents of Lady Nugent's letter had been his principal inducement for this sultry stroll. He hesitated, with some appearance of awkwardness.

"There is no bad news!" asked the girl quickly.

"No, Lady Adela; you will not think so, I dare say—that is left for us. It seems that Lady Nugent still wishes you to leave us. According to my mother's letter, she will expect to see you at Sugbrooke on Saturday."

"Oh," cried the girl, with a blank face—"and this is Thursday! How tiresome of mamma! Why, it hardly gives me time to say good-bye!"

The sudden paling of her pretty face, its rueful surprise, regret, and dismay, encouraged Duke, and made his heart beat as fast as ever a woman had made it beat yet. He would never have a more favorable chance of speaking than her face and manner seemed to give him now; and her last words had most innocently and neatly paved the way.

"Need we say good-bye, Adela?" He caught and held her hand. "I have ventured to hope that we might never do that in reality. Have I been presumptuous? You will let me speak now, will you not, when—"

The girl drew her hand away quickly and resolutely; her momentarily pale cheeks were hot enough now, but their rich color faded slowly as she spoke.

"Please do not!" she said most unaffectedly, looking at him with the frankest, most kindly of eyes. "It is such a pity to say things that we might have avoided saying, and then be sorry afterwards! If you care about me, we should both be sorry, and be awkward and unhappy besides. I have had such a pleasant visit here, and every one has been so kind to me, that I am sure you would be the last to spoil the last day or two of it. We have been very good friends since we knew each other—we ought to be, for we are almost relatives—and so I know"—she looked at him again with quite as much command as entreaty in her eyes—"that you will do as I ask you, and only tell me that you are sorry my visit is over."

Rejected! Considerately spared the humiliation of making a useless avowal, but resolutely, quietly, hopelessly rejected! Duke knew it as thoroughly as he could possibly have known it had he made the plainest proposal and received the plainest refusal. But he was not grateful for the delicacy with which she had spared him and made him understand her. In the first place, he was astonished and intensely chagrined; he felt thrown off his balance—that he was rendered ridiculous. Then he cared quite enough for her to feel honestly and genuinely wounded and disappointed; and then there were his debts and her £70,000!

He knew that her look and her words equally forbade him to persist, and he knew—sharply and helplessly knew—that he would do himself no possible good by speaking. But he did persist; the idea that she had really refused him was so new to him, was such a blow to his tocomplacent vanity, that he could not realize his failure all at once—could not accept her decision as final. He was used to such an easy victory, and he had never cared so much about winning before. To Adela's own astonishment, there was genuine feeling, genuine pain, in his face and voice as he looked at her for a moment, biting his lip, and then spoke again.

"Am I to accept this as final, Lady Adela? You will not be cruel enough to insist upon that? I have been perhaps rash, precipitate, but surely I may hope that at some future time you will allow me to speak? May I conclude that?"

There was a tone here of confidence, of assurance, that roused Adela's sensitive pride and displeased her mightily. He had spoken without encouragement—he was persisting against plain rejection. The color that rose in her cheeks was angry now. He hardly deserved, she thought, that she should have taken the trouble to try to spare him.

"Mr. Duke, Mr. Oldcastle," she said coldly; "I hope you will understand that it is so. And your persistence forces me to remind you," she added with bitterness, "that you have received no encouragement to address me in this way. I—I hoped that I had made you see that."

"Then you do not care," he said, calmness quickly at the words, "that you knew what my hopes and intentions were?"

"I feared," she corrected quietly, "that you might misunderstand. I am sorry, very sorry, that you should have done so." With a sudden softening in her eyes, she frankly held out her hand. "Let us be friends, as we said—"I should be so sorry to do that! Perhaps I did not show what I meant to show as plainly as I might have done. It is all a mistake, and I am very sorry. Let us shake hands and forget all about it—won't you?"

She was not angry with him, although perhaps she had hardly given him credit for being as much in earnest as he really was, and she was truly sorry; but she was a little contemptuous too, for she remembered Amy Stone. Duke, with his anger rising with each passing minute, suddenly remembered her too, and the remembrance brought him what he thought was enlightenment. He did not respond; he would not take the fair little peacemaking hand.

"If is my virtuous brother, I suppose," he broke out savagely, "whom I have to thank for this repulse!"

"Your brother—Sir Guy?" Lady Adela questioned, with a flush on her face and a flash in her eyes. "I don't understand you. Explain yourself, please."

"He has been telling you something about me in connection with that little girl—Miss Stone," Duke said abruptly.

The words had no sooner passed his lips than he saw what he had done, and knew that this would have lost him his case if it had not been lost already. The surprise on her face turned to contempt—to frigid disdain.

"You are mistaken," she returned haughtily; "your brother has not once mentioned your name to me in connection with Miss Stone."

The words that Marmaduke Oldcastle would have liked to speak just then would not have been pleasant ones to listen to. He could have anathematized himself for his precipitate folly; for, failing Guy, he did not believe it possible that Adela could have heard even a whisper connecting him with Amy Stone; and now, like a blundering idiot, he had blurted out the girl's name and roused Adela's suspicions against himself. He was self-betrayed and self-defeated, as he believed, and, in his wrath and mortification, his usually ready tongue was mute for a moment—a moment in which Adela quietly slipped her letter into her pocket and as quietly picked up her fallen book.

"We need not speak of this again," she said composedly. "I say once more that I am sorry, and that I would have prevented it if I could; but I hope you are as sure of that as I am. Will you ask Lady Oldcastle not to wait luncheon for me, please—if you are going back to the house, that is? I shall not come in just yet."

She inclined her head in token of farewell and dismissal; and he, bowing formally in return, made no attempt to detain she or her. Presently Adela looked back over her shoulder, and saw him hurrying away as fast as the rough footing would let him, and so stood quiet and watched him until a great projecting crag of the rugged cliff hid him from sight.

She was a little flurried and nervous now, although she had contrived to be so cool and calm and resolute, and the little laugh she gave was rather treacherous and unsteady, and presently there were tears in her bright eyes.

There was only one thing she felt certain of as she turned and walked on slowly, her eyes fixed upon the glittering sea, and that was that she could not go back just yet to meet Lady Oldcastle's eyes. She gave a slight shiver of reluctance and repugnance at the thought. No; she must be by herself and think and get quite cool and composed first.

She stopped, suddenly conscious of the glaring sun and the unopened sunshade. The heat was at its greatest—it was almost unbearable. Was there no little shady nook in which she could sit and remember that it was all Duke's fault and not at all hers, and, moreover, that it could not possibly be called any business of Lady Oldcastle's?

She looked about her. She had strolled, as she mused, farther along the shore than she had ever wandered before—even past the little cove where the Belle Aurore lay at anchor, solitary and deserted, rocking softly on the lapping water. Just at this point another great projecting mass of the cliff stretched halfway across the beach. Once, in one of their rambles, Sir Guy had pointed it out, and told her that it was as nearly as possible half-way between the Towers and Wildeross, and further, that, owing to the curiously-shaped cleft in the projecting cliff, some dozen feet from the ground, it had been given the name of The Shark's Mouth. Adela, looking up now, found herself almost immediately beneath it.

She drew back a little and eyed it doubtfully. It was not so very high up, and there was a series of natural notches leading up to it that would answer very well for steps; the recess was deep, cool, shadowy, and inviting, and looked most refreshingly cool after the glare and glitter of sun and sea. Without more ado, holding The Woman in White tightly, and carrying her sunshade alpenstock-fashion, Lady Adela deftly and coolly scrambled up into The Shark's Mouth and established herself comfortably among the Shark's teeth.

It was really very pleasant indeed. She felt vexed that she had never found out this snug and cool retreat before. It would be pleasant bring Pinkum to it. The idea of plump Pinkum ponderously hoisting herself from upon to notch made her laugh. Perhaps she would certainly beguile Pinkum there to-morrow. Then she sighed. To-morrow! What was the use of thinking of that when on the next day she was to go home to Sugbrooke, to the old life, to her weak peevish mother, to her loud-voiced peremptory uncle Plumptre, to be tormented and coaxed and scolded about Viscount Tatton-Pakenham? Heigh ho! Everything that was pleasant came to an end.

She half drew her mother's letter from her pocket, then thrust it back again. No; she would not read it when she knew perfectly well what it contained—it could wait, and she would not think about Duke or Lady Oldcastle or—anybody. She would go back to The Woman in White. She resolutely picked up that neglected personage, and, no less resolutely setting herself to read, was soon deeply absorbed—so deeply that she forgot everything else—forgot that she was sitting in the Shark's Mouth, against the Shark's rocky teeth—that the sea was before her and the time passing on.

When she did rouse herself, it was because her limbs were stiff from her cramped position—so stiff that it was some moments before she could summon up courage to rise and stand upon her feet. How dark it was! The sun was gone, the water was darkened, the horizon was piled with angry clouds, black and ominously copper-edged—it was almost oppressive, as one felt it in the hot heavy air! Now a gleam of jagged light rent the clouds, and there came following it a deep distant rumble—thunder!

With cheeks paling a little at the thought of the distance between herself and the Towers, Adela resolutely steadied herself and advanced to the side of the cavern, to recoil with a cry of dismay. The water was beneath her, leaping and lapping against the foot of the cliff. She was cut off by the tide!

(To be Continued.)

Her Little Game.

She gave to me a pink, pink rose,
And smiled upon me sweetly;
Coquettish! she made me suppose
Then decked me with it neatly.
A jaunty air to heaven it rose
But—woe is me—how vainly!
I sought to look quite dignified
Yet knew I smiled in spite.

What though she gave to me the rose,
As 'twere an off'ring votive,
I understand—the little knave—
Her subtle, scheming motive.
She is a prima donna sly;
Her speech is tuned by rote is
A critic for the press I am.
She's working for a notice.

Hit by a Coincidence.

The owner of a place on Second avenue stood in his barn door on the alley the other day when a man with a wooden leg and a crutch came along and passed the time o' day and finally said:

"Say, I want you to do me a favor. I want to leave my leg with you for a few minutes."

"Why?"

"I want to go around on Second avenue and work a house for half a dollar in money. I've got a pointer that the folks are very sympathetic. If I go with one leg I'm sure of it."

"Very well; just leave your leg here and I'll take care of it."

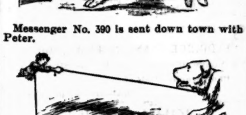
The wooden substitute was unstrapped and handed over, and the cripple used the crutch to help himself down the alley. Five minutes later he rang the doorbell of a house around the avenue, to have it opened by the man he had seen at the barn.

"W—wha—what!" he gasped in astonishment.

"Very sympathetic family lives here!" quietly replied the other. "You seem to have met with a sad loss, and I'm anxious to help you. Here is a wooden leg which may fit you."

The lag was handed over, the man sat down on the steps and strapped it on, and as he got up and stumped through the gate, he said to himself:

"I've heard of coincidences ever since I was knee-high to a hop toad, but this is the first one that ever hit me with both feet to once!"—*Detroit Free Press.*



Messenger No. 390 is sent down town with Peter.

And everything goes comparatively well—

Until Peter, not understanding the purpose of the expedition, seems to desire an explanation, and

Not receiving one persuades No. 390 to return home again.—*N. Y. Life.*

A Remedy.

Amateur Hubert—Me lud, five moons were seen to-night, four fixed and the other did whirl!

Muffled voice from the audience—Did fever—hic—try bromide?

Sarah Was Enough.

Stern parent (to a young applicant for his daughters' hand)—Young man, can you support a family?

Young man (meekly)—I only wanted Sarah.

I X L LAUNDRY
42 Richmond Street West
GENTS' WASHING OUR SPECIALTY
Delivery to all parts of the city.

McINTOSH'S
281 Yonge Street
We can sell Cheap Teas which are also Good Teas
Try our 25c. Tea—Black, Hyson, Uncolored Japan, Gunpowder or Mixed—5 lbs. for $1.
You can buy our Assams for 25c. Better Assams 50c, 60c, and 70c.
OUR FINE TEAS
Try our 70c. and 80c. Fine Congous and Hysons, which we will sell you in 5 lb. caddies for 60c. and 70c
Unusually Fine Blended Coffee—Java and Mocha—36c., 33c., and 40c.
Our large trade in Baking Powder has been built up simply through the merits of the goods. Full pound tins 35c., with which we give choice of a fine assortment of presents. A sample package to new customers only 5c.
281 Yonge Street

PROF. DAVIDSON
LATE OF NEW YORK
Chiropodist and Manicure
71 Yonge St., cor. King

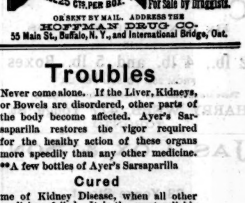
JOHN FLETCHER
IRON AND STEEL WORK
ROOFS, GIRDERS, BEAMS, STAIRS, COLUMNS
AND ALL KINDS OF IRON WORK FOR BUILDING PURPOSES.
Office: 530 Yonge Street, Toronto

Dunn's Mustard

40 years' record of honorable dealing
40 years before an intelligent public
40 years' loyalty to our patrons
40 years or liberal and equitable methods
40 years manufacturers and dealers
SPEAK STRONGER TO YOU THAN ANY WORDS OF OURS
R. S. Williams & Son
143 Yonge Street, Toronto
TELEPHONE 1504
A SPLENDID CHANCE
WE WILL GIVE NEW SUBSCRIBERS
"SATURDAY NIGHT"
AND THE
WORLD TYPEWRITER
For $10, cash with order. The price of the Typewriter alone is $10. See advertisement of this machine another column.
BARRETT & CO.
Real Estate and Commercial Exchange
TELEPHONE 897
18 Yonge St. Arcade Toronto, Ont.

St. Charles Restaurant
LUNCHEON AND DINING ROOMS
70 YONGE STREET
Next door to Dominion Bank
Lunch Counter for Gentlemen on the ground floor. Fi est Bar in Canada. Choice Stock of Liquors and Cigars
HEASLIP & PIERCE
Proprietors

- EMPLOYMENT -
DO YOU WANT TO
COME TO TORONTO?
There are Hundreds of Good Situations open for GENERAL SERVANTS, HOUSEMAIDS, COOKS, etc. Write for particulars to
'NEWS' EMPLOYMENT BUREAU
561 Queen St. West, Toronto.



FOR ALL
HEADACHE
USE HOFFMAN'S HARMLESS HEADACHE POWDERS.
THEY ARE A SPECIFIC
Contain no Opium, Morphine or Narcotics
—THEY ARE—
NOT A CATHARTIC.
PRICE 25 CENTS.
For Sale by Druggists.
OR SENT BY MAIL. ADDRESS THE
HOFFMAN DRUG CO.
55 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., and International Bridge, Ont.

Stomach Troubles
Troubles are caused by improper diet, hasty eating and drinking, late suppers, the excessive use of stimulants, and a scrofulous condition of the blood. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the most efficacious remedy for all such disorders. **I am convinced that the worst cases of Dyspepsia

Can be cured by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I suffered greatly from this complaint for years, and never took any medicine that did me any good until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took four bottles of this preparation last spring, and my appetite, health, and strength were completely restored.—Richard M. Norton, Danbury, Conn.

My wife was long subject to severe Headaches, the result of stomach and liver disorders. After trying various remedies, without relief, she used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was speedily cured.—S. Page, 21 Austin st., Lowell, Mass.

As a remedy for Debility, Faintness, Loss of Appetite, and Indigestion, I took one bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was cured.—H. Mansfield, Chelmsford, Mass.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Troubles
Never come alone. If the Liver, Kidneys, or Bowels are disordered, other parts of the body become affected. Ayer's Sarsaparilla restores the vigor required for the healthy action of these organs more speedily than any other medicine. **A few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Cured me of Kidney Disease, when all other medicines failed. It is the most reliable the best remedy for this complaint known to me.—Eli Dodd, Xenia, Ill.

I was afflicted with a severe bowel difficulty; my vitality seemed to be rapidly diminishing, my appetite failed, my tongue was badly coated, and my strength was gone. In this enfeebled condition I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I had not taken many doses before I noticed a decided change for the better. My appetite and strength returned, and my whole system manifested renewed vigor.—E. B. Simonds, Glover, Vt.

I have used Ayer's Medicines in my family, with satisfaction, for years, and always have a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla in the house: it is so good for the blood.—Mrs. E. Thruvegen, Perth Amboy, N. J.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Telephone 344 for

Camping Supplies

Choicest Canned Meats, Fish and Fruits. Finest Wines and Liquors constantly on hand.

Discount of 5 per cent. on orders of $10 or over.

MARSLAND & KENNEDY

FAMILY GROCERS

285 King St. West - Toronto

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

The Old and Popular Rail Route to

MONTREAL, DETROIT, CHICAGO

And all Principal Points in

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES

It is positively the only line from Toronto running the celebrated Pullman's Palace Sleeping, Buffet and Parlor Cars, electric lighted. Speed, safety, civility.

For Rates, time tables, tickets and reliable information apply at the city ticket offices.

P. J. SLATTER, City Passenger Agent,

Corner King and Yonge streets and 20 York street, Toronto.

Telephone Nos. 434 and 435.

ANCHOR LINE

ATLANTIC EXPRESS SERVICE

Liverpool via Queenstown

GLASGOW SERVICE

Steamers every Saturday to Glasgow and Londonderry.

For Rates, Plans and all information, apply to

M. D. Murdoch & Co.

AGENTS, 62 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

The Cunard S.S. Line

is patronised by Toronto's

BEST SOCIETY

Noted for Safety, Elegance and Speed

A. F. WEBSTER

Sole Agent 56 Yonge St

TAYLOR & CO.

ART TAILORS

120½ WEST KING ST,

OPPOSITE ROSSIN HOUSE ENTRANCE.

Perfect Workmanship and Correct Style of Dress for Gentlemen's Wear at Reasonable Prices. Personal attention given to all patrons by our Mr. Charles M. Taylor.

FRANK L. SANAGAN & CO.

THE NOBBY TAILORS

241 YONGE STREET

McCAUSLAND & SON'S SUPERIOR

STAINED GLASS AND WALL PAPER

72 TO 76 KING STREET WEST

TORONTO

TELEPHONE . . . 1112

Trunks and Valises

SATCHELS and PURSES

Best Goods. Lowest Prices

C. C. POMEROY

49 King Street West TORONTO

55 CENTS

The small purchase amounting to 55c.—fifty-five cents, for which a numbered receipt or voucher is given, may win the prize of the watch worth one thousand dollars—$1000. Americans as well as Canadians will please note the fact. This said watch is the finest in America as a mechanical work of art. Send for circulars.

RUSSELL'S

9 King Street West, Toronto

CANDY

BY MAIL AND EXPRESS

IN

2 lb., 4 lb. and 5 lb. Boxes

FROM 25c. TO 50c. PER LB.

These are all hand-made goods and fresh every day.

HARRY WEBB, 477 Yonge St.

TORONTO

JAS. COX & SON

83 Yonge Street

PASTRY COOKS AND CONFECTIONERS

Luncheon and Ice Cream Parlors

ICE CREAM PARLOR NOW OPE

Picnics and Parties Supplied with Cream and Cakes.

Try our Snowflake Homemade Bread.

CARRICK'S

New Store Cor. Yonge and Edward Sts., and 160 Bay St.

WEDDING CAKES A SPECIALTY

Telephones—Yonge St., 1515; Bay St. 577

MEDLAND & JONES

Agents Scottish Union, Norwich Union, Accident Insurance.

Office—Mail Building, Toronto. Telephone 1067

F. W. MICKLETHWAITE

PHOTOGRAPHER

Out-door Views, Photo Engraving, Photographing on Zinc, Commercial Photography, Life-Size Gelatino-Bromide Enlargements, Photographing on Wood by Meadows' Process.

40 Jarvis Street, Toronto

CALL ON MOORE & CO.

IF YOU WANT

A GOOD PHOTOGRAPH

Of yourself or friends, or your house with family group in front. Takes all go lery price.

MOORE & CO., 147 Yonge Street.

Mr. HAMILTON McCARTHY, A.R.C.A., Sculptor Has removed to commodious premises on the ground floor of New Buildings on Lombard Street, immediately opposite Postoffice.

SUNBEAMS

ELDRIDGE STANTON, Photographer

116 Yonge Street and 1 Adelaide Street West

Photographs of all sizes

Sunbeams $1 per doz.

JOHN P. MILL

Watchmaker and Jeweler

Watches and Wedding Rings a specialty. Special attention to all kinds of Repairing

445½ Yonge Street, opp. College Ave. Toronto

THE HUB CAFE

And MERCHANTS' LUNCH COUNTER.

First-class in every respect. A specialty is the choice butter and the best meats procurable. All the delicacies of the season and prompt attendance. Private dining-room up-stairs. Reading and smoking rooms attached.

12 Colborne St., W. R. BINGHAM, PROP.

• M. McCONNELL •

46 and 48 King Street East.

Commendador Port Wine in cases and bulk. Family trade a specialty. Agent for the celebrated Moet and Chandon "White Seal," George Gourlet and other leading brands of Champagne. Over half a million imported cigars always in stock. Trade supplied at bottom prices.

THE JEWELL RESTAURANT

Jordan Street

This favorite restaurant of Toronto's business men has recently been enlarged and refitted throughout.

Reading and smoking rooms.

HENRY MORGAN - - Proprietor

Grand Opera Sample Room

The choicest lines of WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS. FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT in connection.

D. SMALL, Proprietor.

CONFEDERATION

Life Association

TORONTO.

F. H. SEFTON

DENTIST

172 Yonge Street, next door to B. Simpson's Dry Goods Store

OFFICE HOURS—8 A.M. TO 9 P.M.

SOMETHING NEW IN DENTISTRY

Dr. Land's Porcelain Fillings, Crowns and Sections. Also Continuous Gum Sets. All operations known to modern dentistry practiced.

CHAS. P. LENNOX

Yonge Street Arcade - - Room B

Telephone 1846

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE

Best teeth on Rubber, $8.00. Vitalized air for painless extraction. Telephone 1476

C. H. RIGGS, cor. King and Yonge

C. V. SNELGROVE

Dental Surgeon, 97 Carlton St., Toronto

New Process—Porcelain Fillings and Porcelain Crowns a specialty.

Telephone 3631

MR. HIPKINS

DENTIST

ROOMS, No. 1 COLLEGE AVENUE

(Over Wood's Drug Store, cor. Yonge street.)

MME. PAUL JULIEN

The Distinguished Musician and Vocal Teacher from Paris and New York

Will reside in Toronto through the spring and summer months, and is now ready to receive pupils in all branches of musical instruction.

For particulars apply to

A. & S. NORDHEIMER, King Street, and SUCKLING & SONS, Yonge Street, Toronto.

HENRI DE BESSE, Violinist

(Formerly with Prof. Hubert Leonard, of Paris, and Concert-master Edmund Singer, of the Royal Conservatory of Music at Stuttgart, lately first Professor of the Violin at the New York Conservatories of Music), will receive pupils in all branches of violin playing; also for the pianoforte from the beginning to the highest proficiency, after Paris and Stuttgart methods. For terms apply at studio and residence, No. 179 Church Street.

MR. J. W. F. HARRISON

Organist of St. Simon's Church and Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.

Organ, Piano and Harmony

94 Gloucester Street

A. S. VOGT (LATE OF THE ROYAL Conservatoire, Leipzig, Germany) Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis St. Baptist Church, Toronto, teacher of

Piano, Organ and Musical Theory

at the Toronto College of Music

Residence 305 Jarvis Street

MISS LIZZIE HIGGINS

Late of Royal Conservatorium, Leipzig, Germany

Teacher of Piano-forte, Harmony, Counterpoint, &c., at the Toronto College of Music, is prepared to receive pupils or private instruction at her residence,

16 CLARENCE SQUARE

PERCY V. GREENWOOD

Organist All Saints' Church, Teacher of Music. Three manual organ for practise. Address 239 Sherbourne street.

ONTARIO COLLEGE OF MUSIC

142 Carlton Street Opposite the Gardens

This is a Private School, patronized by the best families in the city. The principal teacher who has had charge of the school for the past four years is a German, educated in his native country, and has had thirty years experience as a teacher of music in the United States and Canada. Mechanical playing of scales and exercises retards the intellectual part of Piano instruction, which is the foundation of a thorough and lasting education. By our method we overcome this difficulty without sacrificing technical proficiency. Thorough work guaranteed from the lowest to the highest grade. Private instruction at pupil's residence if preferred. For information address the Principal.

C. FARRINGER.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC

A SPECIAL SUMMER TERM

Will be held from July 8 to August 9

For terms, etc., early application should be made to

F. H. TORRINGTON,

12 and 14 Pembroke Street.

Chartered by Government TORONTO HON. G. W. ALLAN President

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

600 PUPILS last SEASON

MUSIC taught in all its departments, also Education and Languages, Certificates and Diplomas. FREE Harmony and Violin Classes. Concerts, Pianos, etc. Send for 80 page Calendar. Address EDWARD FISHER, Director, Cor. Yonge St. and Wilton Ave., TORONTO.

REGULAR SUMMER NORMAL SESSION

July 8 to August 10

J. W. L. FORSTER PORTRAITS ART

Studio - 81 King St. East

PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Ontario Academy, 47 Phœbe Street

Careful tuition and training for commercial life or the various professions.

Private tuition for students in the evening. Send for prospectus. R. H. DILLON, M.A., Principal.

Bronze Medal 1884.—GOLD MEDALIST.—Gold Medal 1886

OSTRICH FEATHER DYERS

The most reliable place in the City to have Broken and Defective Feathers Re-made into Handsome Feathers, Pom-Poms, Algrettes and Mounts. Feathers Shaded or Dyed to the Late French Styles and Colors.

TURNER & BETTLES, 88 Bay Street (west side, near Wellington) Toronto.

MISS PLUMMER

MODISTE

53 GLOUCESTER STREET

THE MAGIC SCALE

Best system of cutting ladies' and children's garments.

HALL'S BAZAAR DRESS FORMS

For draping dresses. Adjustable to any measure.

MISS CHUBB, 426 1-2 Yonge St.

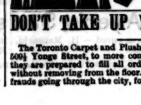
MRS. MILLER

(LATE OF 100 YONGE ST.)

Modiste, Dress and Mantle Maker

HAS REMOVED TO

267 SPADINA AVENUE



DRESSMAKERS' NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF SQUARE MEASUREMENT, (late Prof. Moody's). Taught direct without paper or patterns. J. & A. CARTER, Practical Dressmakers and Stillmen, 372 Yonge street, Toronto. Agents wanted.

DON'T TAKE UP YOUR CARPETS

The Toronto Carpet and Plush Ren. Co. have removed to 509½ Yonge Street, to more commodious premises, where they are prepared to fill all orders for renovating carpets without removing from the floor. Don't be deceived by the frauds going through the city, for we have no agents out.

The Home Savings & Loan Co. (Limited)

OFFICE No. 72 CHURCH ST., TORONTO.

Deposits received, small and large sums. Interest at highest current rate allowed

HON. FRANK SMITH, President. JAMES MASON, Manager.

THOMAS MOFFATT

FINE ORDERED BOOTS AND SHOES

A good fit guaranteed, prices moderate, strictly first-class

195 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

THIRD DOOR NORTH OF ALBERT HALL

H. & C. Blatchford

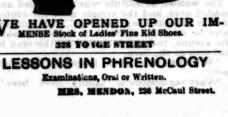
NEW, ELEGANT AND POPULAR

American Boots and Shoes

AND

EVENING SLIPPERS

In all Varieties, Sizes and Widths now on hand.



WE HAVE OPENED UP OUR IMMENSE Stock of Ladies' Fine Kid Shoes.

228 YONGE STREET

LESSONS IN PHRENOLOGY

Examinations, Oral or Written.

MRS. MENDON, 236 McCaul Street.

R. G. TROTTER

Surgeon Dentist

14 Carlton Street - - TORONTO

OFFICE HOURS: 9 A.M. TO 5 P.M.; 7 TO 10 P.M.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

Head Offices 22 to 28 King Street West, Toronto

Issues all approved forms of Life and Endowment Policies and Annuities.

HON. A. MACKENZIE, M.P., Pres.; HON. A. MORRIS and J. L. BLAIKIE, Vice-Presidents; WM. McCABE, Man'g Director.

KINDLING WOOD—SOLID PINE

12 Crates - - - - $2.00

6 " - - - - 1.00

Summer Wood $2.25 per Load

233 Queen St. West, late 56 Adelaide St. West

R. Truax

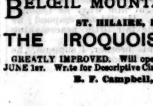
CANADIAN SECRET SERVICE

Under Government Patronage. Head Offices, Temple Building, Montreal.

Legitimate detective work done at reasonable rates and performed in an honorable manner. Nothing done that in any way interferes with the marital relations.

JOHN A. GEORGE, Manager.

Box 1909, Montreal.



Charles Brown,

Nos. 35 and 38 KING ST. WEST

Coupes 15c. Carriages $1

Telephone 123.

BELŒIL MOUNTAINS

ST. HILAIRE, P.Q.

THE IROQUOIS HOUSE

GREATLY IMPROVED. Will open for the season about JUNE 1st. Write for Descriptive Circular.

E. F. Campbell, Managing Director.

Claxton's Music Stores

197 Yonge Street

AND

63 King Street West

WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.

MUSIC DEALERS

283 Yonge St., Toronto

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

"IMPERIAL" CORNETS

The best in the world, as used by MESSRS. CLARKE and BAUGH Canada's greatest cornet soloist and endorsed by JULES LEVY.

Everything in the music line and at the right prices. All the later publications in stock. Publishers of the *Canadian Musician*.

New Sacred Songs

GARDEN OF PRAYER—F and G

By VERNON REY

KING DAVID'S LAMENT—D and F

By FRANK SWIFT.

Price 50 Cents Each

TORONTO

EDWIN ASHDOWN

89 Yonge Street, and London, Eng.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses

Court House, Adelaide Street and 138 Carlton Street

A. B. McBRIDE

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR &c.

Room C, 16 Victoria street, Toronto.

Money to loan.

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

The members of the Amateur Athletic Association gave a grand minstrel concert on May 24. They were greeted with one of the largest audiences ever seen in the town hall. Mr. J. C. Morgan, who is always popular in musical circles, was conductor and director for the evening, the programme consisted of solos, duetts, choruses, and banjo solos. The jokes and local hits were very amusing and caused great laughter. A farce entitled The Telephone Genius, concluded the evening's performance.

The same association also arranged the games and sports for the afternoon which were held in the Agricultural Park. The members of the A. A. A. are to be congratulated on the successful way in which the programme for the day was carried out.

On the opening day of the Lawn Tennis Club, quite a number were present, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. Several good sets were played. On entering the lawn the ladies were met by the secretary, Mr. F. H. Lauder. Those on the grounds were, Mrs. Lount, Mrs. F. E. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mrs. R. Barwick of Toronto, Miss Hornsby, Miss Kortright, Mr. Alves Boys, Miss B. Mason, Miss Schreiber, Miss Spry, Mr. Gillett, Miss Stewart, Mr. W. Campbell, Mr. A. P. Ardagh, Miss Cotter, Miss T. Mason, Mr. P. Kortright Miss H. Bird, Mr. E. R. Morton, Miss Baker, Mr. H. Ardagh, Miss K. Stevenson, Dr. W. A. Ross.

Miss Ethel McCarthy of Toronto spent a few days with relatives in town last week.

Mrs. Arthur Grasett of Toronto was the guest of Mrs. John Strathy of Ovenden last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Way, have returned home after spending the winter on the continent. OCULAIRE.

BRANTFORD.

The Lawn Tennis Club opened their season with an At Home on their beautiful grounds on Sheridan street, on May 18. The weather was delightful, although almost too warm for playing. But the bright dresses of the ladies and picturesque suits of the gentlemen formed a gay and pretty scene. Amongst the strangers present I noticed Miss Wyatt of Toronto, Miss Birche of Sarnia, Miss Hatton of Toronto, and Mr. Younge of Hamilton.

A party of ladies and gentlemen celebrated the Queen's birthday by going to Galt on May 23, and canoeing down the river on the 24th. They spent a delightful day, arriving home about nine o'clock.

Miss Lizzie Carlstie sailed for England on May 28, expecting to remain there for a year.

Mr. Ralph Reville sailed for England on May 29 for a three months' visit to friends there.

Mrs. W. A. Wilkes left last Tuesday on a visit to friends in Sarnia.

Society is on the *qui vive* over several weddings that will take place shortly; of which, more anon.

How It Came About.

Exasperated Gardener—I wonder who tore up my garden in this style?

Gardener's Little Boy—The old hen did it with her little scratch it.

A great many of the ladies and gentlemen of this city, intending to visit the great Paris Exhibition, are following the special courses instituted to this effect by the Berlitz School of Languages, 81 King street east.

PAVILION MUSIC HALL

Tuesday, June 4, 8 p.m.

TORRINGTON'S ORCHESTRA

Miss Maude Burdette, contralto; Mr. A. E. Dent, tenor; Herr Ludwig Corell, 'cello; Mr. H. L. Clarke, cornet; Mr. F. Smith, euphonium; F. H. Torrington, musical director.

Reserved seats 50c. Admission 25c.

Plan now open at Nordheimers'.

GILMORE'S BAND

Mammoth Jubilee Festival

THE FAMOUS NEW YORK BAND!

Battery of Artillery! Anvil Brigade!

Eight great vocal artists: Clementina De Vere, Blanche Stone Barton, Helen Dudley Campbell, Signor Ferari, Myron W. Whitney, Italo Campanini, Eugene De Dankwardt, Iuiseppe del Puente.

Grand Philharmonic Chorus

AND THE

Greatest Musical Combinations in America

FOUR GRAND CONCERTS

Thursday and Friday, June 13 and 14

CALEDONIA RINK, MUTUAL STREET

Matinees, 50 cents. Evening concerts, $1. Plans of seats open at Nordheimers' Tuesday, June 4.

Miss Jessie Couthoui

THE CELEBRATED ELOCUTIONIST

AT

Bond Street Congregational Church

Tuesday Evening, June 4

Tickets - - - 25 Cents

LONG BRANCH SUMMER RESORT

First-class Hotel on European Plan. Residential Lots. Elegant Summer Cottages. First-rate Steamboat Service

BOOK TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES

City Office—84 Church St. Telephone 1772

THE OLD RELIABLE GOLDEN BOOT

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S

FINE SHOES

Our Ladies' $2.00 Button Boot, Dongola Kid, is unsurpassed. Ladies' Walking Shoes—Stylish, Cheap, Good. Gentlemen's Sporting Shoes—all kinds.

WM. WEST & CO., 246 Yonge Street.

ED. E. FARRINGER

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC

Instruction on Piano, Violin, Guitar and Cornet

58 Homewood Ave

"NIAGARA RIVER LINE"

PALACE STEEL STEAMERS

Chicora and Cibola

IN CONNECTION WITH

New York Central & Michigan Central Ry's

FOR

Falls, Buffalo, New York, Boston, &c.

Steamer "Chicora" begins single trips Monday, May 20, leaving Yonge Street Wharf at 7 a.m.

Tickets at all principal offices.

Special rates to Societies, Sunday Schools, &c.

FAVORITE STEAMER

EMPRESS OF INDIA

SEASON 1889

Leaves Geddes' Wharf, Toronto, daily at 3.40 p.m., for St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York, etc. Close connections, quick time, choice of routes, low rates to excursion parties. Season tickets for sale

W. A. GEDDES, Agent. A. W. HEPBURN, Manager.

THE WORLD TYPEWRITER

PRICE $10 PRICE $10

Writes Easily 35 to 40 Words Per Minute

Simple, practical, durable typewriter. It never gets out of order. No instruction required. Can be carried in the satchel and used on the cars. All professional and business men need it. Call and see it, or send for circular, mentioning this paper. The Typewriter Improvement Co., Boston, Mass. Branch Office—7 Adelaide St. East, Toronto. Copying done at three cents per hundred words

NEW FICTION

AT

Marvellously Low Prices

"How I Escaped," edited by the author of "Mr. Barnes of New York," at 25 cents; "John Bedwin's Testimony," by Mary Hallock Foote, at 50 cents; and "The Battle of the Swash and the Capture of Canada," by Samuel Barton, and under same cover Dr. W. George Beers' celebrated speech at Syracuse, for 25 cents. The above are all from the press of

J. THEO. ROBINSON, Publisher

MONTREAL

Ask for them at your bookseller's.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.

See the No. 9 and No. 12 Sewing Machines

THE PRACTICAL RESULTS OF 50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

The light running, high arm and noiseless No. 9 Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, for elegance of design, excellence of workmanship, simplicity and durability, and for all family purposes, has no equal.

We invite inspection of manufacturers and others, interested in first-class sewing machinery, to our No. 12 and D 13 Machines. Also our Automatic Button-Hole Machine, with automatic cutter combined. Estimates furnished for complete sewing machine plant for any branch of manufacturing.

Special sewing machinery of all kinds supplied to order. Needles and attachments for all kinds of work.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUF'G CO.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE FOR ONTARIO—266 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Telephone 277 GEO. BARRETT, Manager..

HEINTZMAN & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

PIANOFORTES

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.

The oldest and most reliable Piano Manufacturers in the Dominion.

Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano.

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.

Illustrated Catalogue free on application

Warerooms, 117 King Street W., Toronto.

R. J. Lloyd

247 Yonge St., opp. Trinity Square

TELEPHONE 295

CATERER .. ..

LATE OF LLOYD BROS.

HAS OPENED

A FIRST-CLASS

Lunch Parlor and Catering Establishment

AT ABOVE ADDRESS

Dinner Parties, at Homes, and Families Supplied with Cakes, Jellies, Ices, Charlotte Russe, Salads and Ice Cream, and all requisites on short notice

WEDDING CAKES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION TO ORDER

A General Assortment of Cakes, Pastry, Macaroons, Lady Fingers, Angel Cake, etc., made fresh daily.

247 Yonge Street, opp. Trinity Square. Telephone 295

McKeown & Company's Great Sale for June

COMMENCING THIS (SATURDAY) MORNING

For this sale we have bought a large lot of New Goods—the latest productions of novelties in Dress Goods, Silks, Chambrays, Satins and Prints at nearly half the original prices, together with the balance of Charles Morgan & Co.'s stock. We will offer special inducements to the ladies of Toronto visiting us during the sale, as we are anxious to make this the sale of the season.

Plain and Figured Pongee Silks worth 65c., selling for 45c. French Printed Delaines, 45c. and 60c. Beautiful All-wool Dress Goods, 7½c., 10c., 12½c., worth 15c. to 30c. Combination Robes in every color, $5.50, original price $10. New Chambrays, 10c., 12½c., 15c. and 20c., worth 20c. to 35c. a yard. New French Printed Sateens, 20c. and 25c., worth 30c. to 35c. a yard. New patterns in Prints, 5c, 6c., 7c., 8c, 9c., 10c. and 12½c. Parasols and Sunshades, 25c., 35c., 50c., $1, $1.50. Great value in Cashmere, Cotton and Thread Hosiery, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c. and 40c. Part Black Hose, 10c., 12½c., 15c., 20c. and 25c. Kid Gloves, 35c., 50c., 75c. and $1. Taffeta and Silk Gloves, 10c., 15c., 20c., 25c., 35c. Special reductions in Ladies' and Children's Underwear.

LACES AND EMBROIDERIES

Great inducements in Laces, 3c., 5c, 10c. and 12½c. Embroideries, 5c., 6c., 7½c., 8c., 10c. and 12½c. Scarf Nets and Veilings, 3c., 5c. and 10c. a yard. Children's Embroidered Collars, 12½c. each. Handkerchiefs, 6 for 10c., 4 for 10c., 3 for 10c. Fine Hem-stitched Linen Handkerchiefs, 10c., 15c., 20c. Ribbons, Corsets, Dress Buttons and Trimmings. Lace flouncings, 60 inches deep, and thousands of other bargains in every department.

Ladies of Toronto, don't miss this grand chance to secure new and seasonable goods at your own prices. Our Dressmaking Rooms are in charge of a first-class American modiste.

McKEOWN & COMPANY, 182 Yonge St.

EVERYDAY SOAP REGISTERED

GAS STOVES

Toronto Gas Stove and Supply Co.

C. A. PEARSON - - Proprietor

MANUFACTURERS OF

GAS COOKING

AND

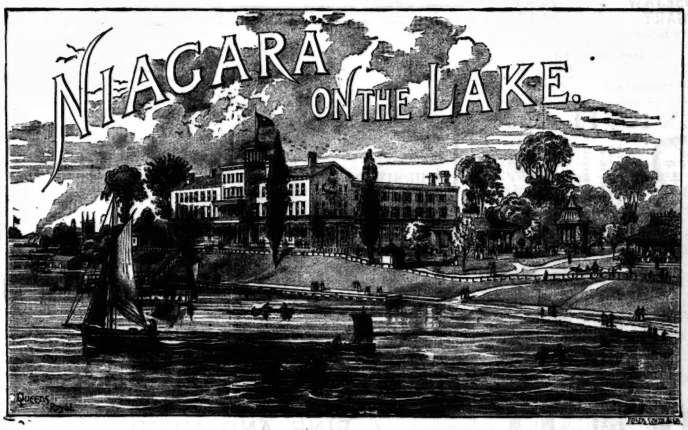
HEATING STOVES

DEALERS IN

Gas Grate Fires, Lamps and Gas Appliances Generally

REMOVING TO 203 YONGE STREET

TORONTO



THE QUEEN'S ROYAL HOTEL, NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE, is a branch of the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, and is located in a private park on the shore of Lake Ontario, at the mouth of Niagara River. Opens for the season June 15. Has accommodation for 300 guests. Complete with all modern improvements. The rooms are mostly "en suite," and well adapted for families. Good fishing, bathing and boating. Four lawn tennis courts. For terms and illustrated circular apply to

McGAW & WINNETT,

The Queen's, Toronto.

The Echo Of the Court.

A year or two ago, while Mr. Parsons was addressing the court at New Haven, Conn., an ass in the street happened to bray so loudly as to interrupt the learned gentleman, whereupon the Judge said:

"One at a time, gentlemen—one at a time, if you please."

This sally caused much merriment in the court, but did not in the least discompose Mr. Parsons, who pursued the tenor of his discourse as if nothing of the kind had happened. He was not, however, insensible, to the merit of the joke, nor willing to let it go unrewarded; and an opportunity was soon offered him of giving a "Roland for an Oliver." When the Judge was charging the jury, the same ass, who seemed fond of the vicinity of the court, brayed again, and "deeper and deeper still." At this moment the Judge was so entirely taken up with the business in progress that he quite forgot his own joke, and, startled at the sound, he hastily said:

"What's that—what noise is that?"

"It is only the echo of the Court, your Honor," said Mr. Parsons gravely.

The justice and excellence of this retort were acknowledged by the peals of laughter with which the court resounded, and in which the Judge himself could not refrain from joining.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

WEBSTER—On May 18, at Toronto, Mrs. A. F. Webster—a son.

PARKER—On May 24, at Toronto, Mrs. G. N. Parker—a son.

HUTCHINSON—On May 25, at Alliston, Mrs. W. Hutchinson—a son

ELLIOT—On May 27, at Toronto, Mrs. Reginald Elliot—a daughter.

ROWLEY—On May 10, at South Kensington, London, England, Mrs William E. Rowley—a son.

WARRINGTON—On May 25, at Toronto, Mrs. F. Warrington—a son.

KERTLAND—On May 26, at Toronto, Mrs. M. M. Kertland—a son.

O'NEIL—On May 24, at Lucan, Mrs. F. A. O'Neil—a daughter.

Marriages.

McKENZIE—LAWES—On May 22, at Cobourg, Ont., J. McKenzie of Toronto, to Bertha Lawes.

COLHOUN—McCALLUM—On May 1, at Pine Grove, Ont., William Colhoun to Mary McCallum, both of York Township.

SIMS—BOYLE—On May 22, at St. Catharines, Ont., Thomas C. Sims of Little Current, Algoma, to Charlotte Maude Boyle of Toronto.

TOPPER—HARDWICK—On May 8, at Vaughan, George Topper to Sarah Hardwick.

DEWAR—ALLIN—At Oshawa, Stewart Dewar to Charlotte W. Allin, both of Oshawa.

HALL—HUDSPETH—On May 9, at Jersey City, Harvey B. Hall of Port Hope, Ont., to May Hudspeth of Jersey City.

Deaths.

LOCKE—On May 28, at Toronto, Mrs. Mary Jane Locke

LAVERTY—On May 28, at Tavistock, William Laverty, aged 38 years.

McCABE—At Toronto, Mrs Mary McCabe.

McBURNEY—On May 28, at Toronto, Samuel McBurney, aged 66 years.

RENNIE—On May 28, at Agincourt, Gordon Rennie, aged 67 years.

SEAGER—On May 27, at Richmond Hill, Edmund Seager, aged 80 years.

McKENNA—On May 29, at Toronto, William McKenna, aged 54 years.

BARR—On May 25, at Lindsay, Mrs. Charles D. Barr, aged 37.

CAVANAGH—On May 26, at Toronto, Mrs. F. L. Cavanagh, aged 26 years.

TAYLOR—On May 25, at Toronto, Mrs. Agnes Taylor.

LAMB—On May 26, at Toronto, James Alexander Lamb, aged 18 years.

BECK—On May 25, at Hyde Park, Ill., F. F. Beck, formerly of Hamilton, aged 72 years.

YOUNGHUSBAND—On May 14, in London, Eng., Mrs. C. W Younghusband, third daughter of the late Mr. Justice Jones of Toronto, aged 66 years.

GORRINGE—On May 27, at Toronto, Thomas P. Gorringe.

SMITH—On May 23, at New York, Mrs. S. W. B. Smith, aged 30 years.

GO NOW

BY THE

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

TO		
DOLORAINE MOOSOMIN GLENBORO' SALTCOATS	AND RETURN	$28
MOOSEJAW		$30
CALGARY		$35

Special Colonist Excursions will leave all points in Ontario, Sharbot Lake, Kingston and west thereof—on

June 4th, 11th, 18th, Return until " " July 14th, 21st, 28th, '89

For full particulars apply to nearest station or ticket agent.

OAK HALL

Our Assortment of Boys' Suits and Light Overcoats for this season is the finest we have ever had, and the prices are 25 per cent. less than for previous seasons and for parties of quality there is no comparison.

OAK HALL, 115 to 121 King St. East, Toronto

WILLIAM RUTHERFORD - Manager.

WATCHES

In GOLD, SILVER and FILLED CASE at Rock Bottom Prices

GEO. E. TROREY

Manufacturing Jeweler

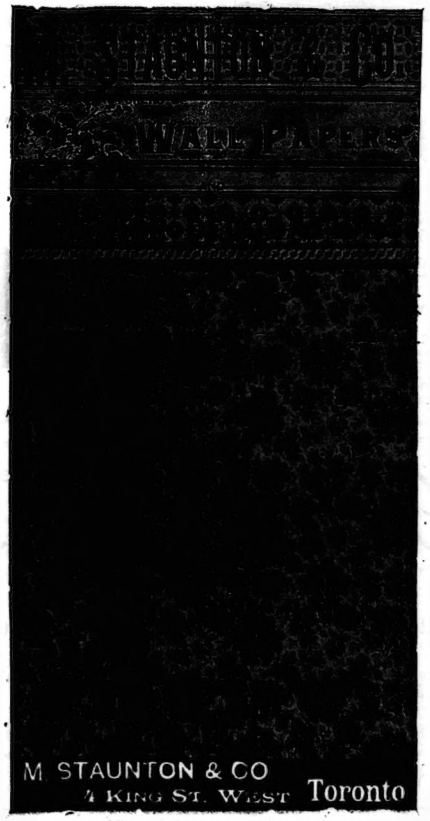
61 King Street East, opp. Toronto Street

Do you expect factory-made garments to show that dainty perfection you want to see in Baby's dress? But with either of the two new and elegant Family Sewing Machines just produced by the Singer Manufacturing Co. you can do work good enough even for Baby.

WE GUARANTEE PERFECTION.

The Singer Manufacturing Company No. 66 King St. West Toronto

Agencies Everywhere.



ALLAN FURNITURE CO. 5 KING EAST TORONTO

- DRAWING-ROOM SUITES
- LADIES' SECRETARIES
- DINING-ROOM SETS
- PARLOR CABINETS
- CHIFFONIERS
- TWISTED TABLES
- FANCY CHAIRS, &c.

FURNITURE

FINE AND MEDIUM

Inspect my well-assorted stock before purchasing elsewhere.

PRICES LOW. ONLY ONE PRICE

UPHOLSTERING TO ORDER

Having a first-class staff of men I am enabled to give full satisfaction at very reasonable prices.

Come and see my new importations. SHOWING A PLEASURE.

436 Yonge Street R. F. PIEPER Opposite Carlton St.

Have you seen those elegant and beautiful little Boys' Suits at the Palace Clothing House? If you have not do not miss the sight, for in our Boys' Clothing Department you will find the choicest styles and patterns to be seen in this country, and you will be very hard to please if you are unable to make a selection from our large and varied stock.

P. JAMIESON, cor. Yonge and Queen Sts., Toronto

NEW CARPETS CURTAINS

RUGS, MATS, OILCLOTHS

HOUSEKEEPERS---Can find in our stock every requisite for first class furnishing. Our stock may not be the largest, but we consider it the most tastefully selected and lowest priced in Toronto.

BEST BRUSSELS, 5-8 BORDER TO MATCH---Newest designs from best English makers.

BRUSSELS IN LAST SEASON'S PATTERNS---Without borders, are being cleared at 90c. and $1 a yard.

THE ENTERPRISE WILTON---Heavy, Soft and Rich---among other new and beautiful designs, is particularly worthy of notice.

BEST TAPESTRIES IN VELVET AND BRUSSELS DESIGNS--Also a new lot of Hall patterns.

RUGS, MATS, ART SQUARES, STAIR PADS.

NOVELTIES IN CURTAINS---Turcoman for Portieres, double width, all colors.

LACE AND FANCY LIGHT CURTAINS---Velours, Swiss, Irish, Point and Guipure.

POLES, RODS, WINDOW SHADES, Etc.

R. WALKER & SONS, King St. East

DOMINION PIANO

1ST IN TONE
IN TOUCH
IN SWEETNESS
IN DURABILITY

SOLE AGENCY TORONTO TEMPLE OF MUSIC.
J. S. POWLEY & CO.
68 KING ST. WEST.

MENDELSSOHN PIANO CO'Y

MANUFACTURERS OF

HIGH-CLASS PIANOS

Unequalled in Elegance of Construction and Beauty of Finish.

Easy and Sympathetic Touch, Fineness and Purity of Tone.

AMERICAN PIANOS. CANADIAN AMERICAN ORGANS

Second-hand Pianos and Organs on Small Weekly or Monthly Payments.

91 AND 93 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO